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P O E M S,
MORAL, HUMOROUS, AND
DESCRIPTIVE.

BY JAMES BISSETT.

No gift shall e'er my judgment bind,
I'll *independent* tell my mind.

CUPAR.

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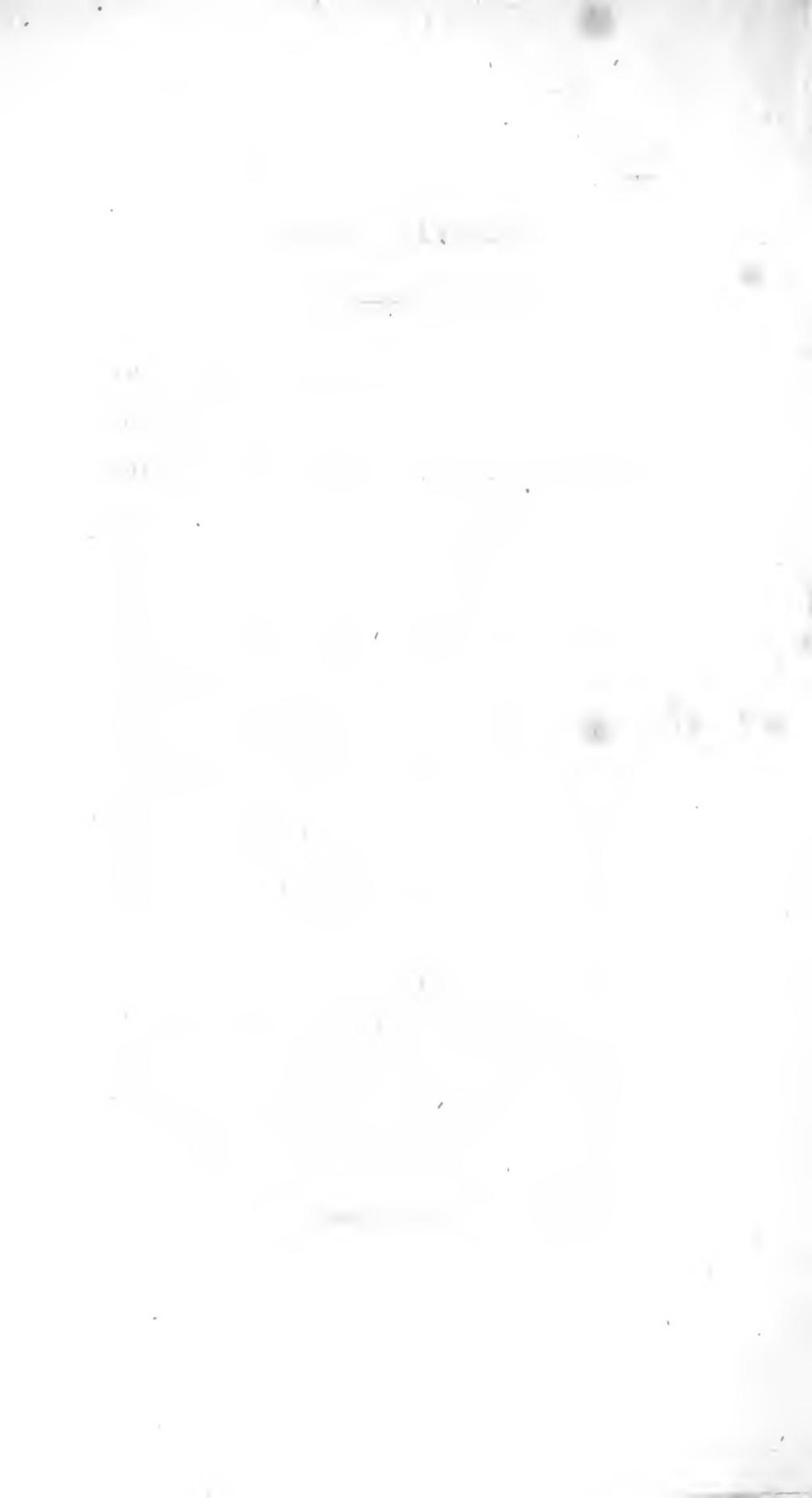
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Advertisement.

IT has been surmised that the Poems contained in this Volume are not the genuine offspring of the Author, and only adopted by him as a screen to cover appearances.—He is surprised how any could suppose or think him capable of acting such an unmanly and disingenuous farce—and protests against all such malicious and unwarrantable surmises: So far from being the true state of the case, he would not even allow his printer to interfere with, nor in the most distant manner, deviate from the spirit and very letter of the manuscript.

In consequence of this volume having been put rather rapidly through the press, some grammatical inaccuracies, &c. have unavoidably crept in;—which the author claims indulgence for from his numerous friends.



To the Public.

I here commit unto your care,
My Muse's late but rightful heir ;
And though it be not her first born,
It is her first e'er brought to form.
And what to some may look as odd,
Though late not long upon the road,
Was come at whiles wi' little thinking,
At ither's heels it fast came clinking.
In birth it seldom was miscarried,
Nor for it ne'er lang tiresome tarried ;
But if such happen'd to take place,
'Twas look'd upon a dubious case.
I'll neither praise nor will I blame her,
At times I scarcely could well tame her ;
For when that she began her story,
She thought herself then in her glory.
Nothing ever pleas'd her better,
Than when let free of every fetter,
And independent tell her tale
O'er bigotry fond to prevail, }
And them who will not breaches heal. }
Her inclination ne'er was vicious,
Still scorn'd what's wicked and pernicious.
Sometimes on humour fain to enter,
Oftener than I could her venture.
Purity she's still intended,
And to the last has it defended.

She never stoop'd for any favor,
Nor flatter'd one of bad behaviour.
Truth and honor she has aimed,
Howe'er her end she has obtained.
To you her issue I deliver,
Untainted, pure as any river ;
At least in essence and design,
Whatever way you it define.
Vice in every shape and form,
No matter by whoc'er its worn,
She holds it up to public scorn.
Her story she does plainly tell,
If it should be against hersel'.
Being to business early bred,
Flattery ne'er was my Muse's trade ;
Long accustom'd among letters,
She cannot thole now to wear fetters.
And takes the length o' a' her tether,
If it should be in fun and blether.
She cannot think to be confin'd,
Whate'er it be she tells her mind.
To rules and forms will not submit now,
And rather would the subject quit now.
My worthy patrons soon you'll find her
Just what nature has design'd her.
Telling what she ought to hide whiles,
And far frae easy being to guide whiles.
Running down at vice and folly,
And sympathizing melancholy ;
Singing whiles to keep her cheery,
And feeling for the toil'd and weary.
Oppressors, she does turn and face them,
By every means tries to disgrace them.
Hypocrisy she sometimes handles,
And them she thinks religion scandals.

Ambition too and self-conceit whiles,
 And them who does their neighbours cheat whiles.
 Morality she keeps in view,
 And to religion gives its due.
 If crabbed neighbours tries to twist her,
 My loving patrons then assist her.
 Take care you dinna let them bang her,
 Or if ye do they 're sure to wrang her.
 Whatever way her tale she tell,
 The matter 's wholly from hersel' ;
 So that the faults, whate'er they be,
 There 's none to blame but Muse and me.
 If any beauties they 're the same,
 They to herself and me pertain :
 No assistance e'er she 's got yet,
 Nor yet a patron on to doat yet.
 Difficulties must try to brave,
 Her character by that means save.
 No patron's creed has to submit too,
 Whatever way it might her fit do.
 Independence she does claim,
 Both in deed as well 's in name ;
 Her country, none could like it better,
 But hates the man would try 't to fetter.
 Scotia ! dearly does she love thee,
 And blisses them who does improve thee.
 The sample which she here doth give,
 Will show if she 's a right to live.
 She 's plenty more stuff on the way yet,
 Beside she 's making every day yet ;
 So if the present suit your palates,
 Shortly she 'd fill a' your wallets.
 For since again she 's set a going,
 Where she may end there is no knowing.

Fair play give, that 's all she 's craving,
I 'll for the present you be leaving.
To no Grandee she claims alliance,
And servile grovellers bids defiance.
But that she 's faults admits no doubt,
More perhaps than you 'll find out,
Although you keep a sharp look-out.

Index.

	PAGE.
To —— Esq. Glasgow,	1
To the memory of the Late John Earl of Hopetoun,	5
On the Crucifixion.	9
A Juvenile Piece,	12
A Song connected with do.	15
A Trip to Parnassus,	16
Thoughts on the fall &c. of man,	19
A Paraphrase on the xxxv. chap. of Isaiah,	25
A Song—Spanish Liberty,	26
On Lord Byron's Death,	28
A Song—The Braes of Gowrie,	29
Do.—Evelick banks and bonny braes,	30
To a Batchelor,	32
Verses composed between Falkland and Auchty.,	34
A Paraphrase on the LVI. chap. of Isaiah,	37
A Soliloquy,	39
Overtaken with darkness,	43
On Anger,	48
A Morning Song,	49
Do. Do.	51
Do. Do.	53
Early Views of Providence,	54
Juvenile Piece,	55
Depression of Spirits,	56
Expressive of Feelings,	58

	PAGE.
On a Sheep's Head, - - - - -	61
On W. W., - - - - -	63
On putting on a Coach Wheel, - - - - -	65
Death of 1823, and birth of 1824, - - - - -	67
A Song—Time slips away, - - - - -	71
A Religious Quack, - - - - -	73
A Fragment, - - - - -	<i>ib.</i>
A Song—To the Memory of Allan Ramsay, - - - - -	76
Do.—The beauties of Perth, - - - - -	78
Do.—The beauties of Tay, - - - - -	79
Recollections, - - - - -	80
Fragment from an old Chronicle, - - - - -	86
Lines on Edinburgh, - - - - -	89
A Song—The beauties of Fingask, - - - - -	90
Do.—To the Memory of Wallace, - - - - -	92
Do.—To the Memory of Burns, - - - - -	93
Do.—On the Press, - - - - -	96
On a Fire in Cupar, - - - - -	97
Fatherly Chastisement, - - - - -	101
Morning Song, - - - - -	104
A Paraphrase on the x. chap. of Job, - - - - -	105
Do. do. xxiii. do. do., - - - - -	107
Do. do. xl. do. Isaiah, - - - - -	109
Early Recollections, - - - - -	114
Place of my Nativity, - - - - -	116
Epitaph, - - - - -	120
Do. - - - - -	<i>ib.</i>
Do. - - - - -	121
Do. - - - - -	<i>ib.</i>
Lines on my own state, - - - - -	122
Reflections, - - - - -	123
First acquaintance with the Law, - - - - -	127
A Philippic, - - - - -	133
On running against time, - - - - -	134
Utility of Law, - - - - -	139

	PAGE.
Strictures, - - - - -	140
A Song—The Hammermen are jolly fellows, - - - - -	144
Do.—Whoever to the Alehouse goes, - - - - -	146
Do.—Almond Banks or Cromwell Ha', - - - - -	147
The Lasses of Fife, &c. - - - - -	149
A Tale of Old Times, - - - - -	153
Whats and the Gudewife of Fife, - - - - -	161
An Address to the Town and People of Dundee,	166
Verses sent to a Gentleman, - - - - -	169
On Criticism, - - - - -	173
Verses sent to a self-taught Astronomer, &c. - - - - -	176
Lines sent to Dr. F——s, Cupar, - - - - -	180
Jamie the Painter, - - - - -	181
On one who got drunk at Cupar Races, - - - - -	190
Let Glasgow Flourish, - - - - -	194
Effects of Tyranny and War, - - - - -	196



P O E M S.

To _____, Esq. GLASGOW.

My Friend,

You must no doubt be surprised,
At the manner which I write ;
The muse hath me again enticed,
And by her aid I thus indite :
Long time with me she was suppressed,
Scarcely ever heard to sing,
Since she again has been caressed,
Hills and valleys echo ring.
When that my years were few and tender,
She her mantle o'er me threw,
Before I scarcely knew the gender
Of a Ramie from a Ewe ;
Then what I said was oft admired
Round about where I did dwell ;
And still though more and more inspired,
Yet the meaning could not tell :
But when I business fairly enter'd,
Then the muse was laid aside ;
'Twas seldom then I ever ventur'd
O'er Pegasus' back to stride.
At times indeed to please my fancy,
I have tried how he could go ;

But he, light-headed, took a dancy,
Though he seldom said me no.
With some dawting and correction
I could get upon his back,
But owing to so much neglection,
Then the reins would never slack :
His constitution being fiery,
When that once he did begin :
It matter'd not the road how miry,
He drove on through thick and thin.
Had then the muse got leave to travel
At the rate that she could go,
She might ere now been on a level,
Wi', indeed, the Lord knows who.
The poets she would left behind her,
Fast as e'er they'd like to try ;
Her dwelling-place nor where to find her,
Few of them durst e'er come nigh.
Old Homer who so long hath sounded,
Singing o'er the wars of Troy.
It would the bard somewhat confounded,
Were we his peace now to annoy ;
Two thousand years he's kept the laurel,
Still unfading on his brow ;
Twould no doubt surprise the carle
Were we the contest to renew :
A long time he hath blown the horn,
Braving all to the contest ;
By this time surely it is worn,
But still the wizard sounds it best.

In youth the muse took such possession,
Nothing could make her remove ;
Although I was in the transgression,
She continued still to love :
And now she is as fond as ever,
Like virgin pure return'd again ;
And vows that nothing shall her sever,
But henceforth will with me remain.
And as 'portunely to be idle,
I her 'quest did not deny ;
And when she saw me shake the bridle,
How she then did prance and neigh.
Now since again I've fairly mounted,
And tried if smoothly she can ride ;
I scarcely think she'll be affronted,
Though some jolting I must bide.
In former days we rode for pleasure,
Having nothing else in view ;
But now we must in some small measure,
Soon a diff'rent route pursue.
When first my muse began to chatter,
Little did I ever think,
That when in years she would so flatter,
And expose herself for clink.
But all who've ever gone before her,
Whatsoever they pretend ;
Although for this they should abhor her,
Look only at their views and end.
There's some indeed are fond of pleasing,
Happy always to caress ;

While others they delight in teasing,
 Heedless how it may distress.
Whatever be our inclination,
 We should always keep in view,
Not to give the world vexation
 For the pleasing of a few :
For worth should always be extolled,
 And welcom'd on with smiles and cheers ;
And vice as equally controlled,
 Where'er its hideous form appears.
Some characters they are diverting,
 Both mind and feelings seem in view ;
While some again require a smarting,
 Claiming what they never knew.
But where we find those that are vicious,
 Little mercy they deserve ;
And their example being pernicious,
 Makes the good at times to swerve.
Such characters I have not spared
 Whene'er they came in my way ;
Whate'er their rank they've equal shared,
 What the muse might have to say.
Of mankind's views I've seen a little,
 Since my race I first began ;
And mankind's words I've found but brittle,
 If it answered not their plan.
To honor some are quite a stranger,
 Striving still to be unknown ;
And often have I felt the danger,
 When to me they've kindness shown.

They only promis'd to deceive me,
I by experience soon was told ;
Their end promoted then did leave me,
On their words could lay no hold.
By self their conduct all did measure,
Nothing else they kept in view ;
By every means increas'd their treasure,
Being the goddess they pursue.
The picture is but faintly drawn,
Were I disposed to enlarge ;
But as their hearts may yet be thawn,
It I shall not overcharge.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE JOHN EARL OF
HOPETOUN, WHO DIED AT PARIS, AUGUST, 1823.

When the fatal news first arriv'd in this place,
Soon sorrow and grief did mark every face,
So eagerly they the news did pursue,
Anxious yet hoping they might not be true.

Sure confirmation soon after arriving,
All ranks and degrees began then a-striving,
Who could lament and honor him most,
Who time long had been their stay and their trus'
For all the while he had lived among them,
His assistance and council steadily came ;

And when in the evening taking a walk,
I listen'd and heard the following talk :—
“ O who will our wants now daily supply ? ”
Was said with a deep and sorrowful sigh,
“ For he did support and knew us so well,
And still was a friend whate'er us befel ;
So feeling his heart he felt much for woe,
And with it condol'd where'er he did go.”

I now wonder'd much what all this might mean,
For though I well heard, no person I'd seen ;
But soon many objects appear'd in distress,
That me when they saw seem'd it to increase.
But one of them had seen far better days,
Who talk'd so much in the good Earl's praise ;
But her mind being so distracted with grief,
Brought tears in abundance to her relief.
Yet so long she continued to sob and to cry,
That I thought her tears they never would dry ;
So that her history she scarce could get on,
Thinking so much about him that was gone.
But when she began I easy could see,
Much information she'd give unto me :
The Earl she knew when he was a boy,
Delighting himself when playing at his toy.
And e'er since she knew what had taken place,
From weeping and wailing she scarcely can cease.
The following picture of him she now drew,
Which I shall relate and bring into view.

That when but a child she could easy presage,
What he would be when once come of age ;
For when at the school in knowledge so grew,
That sciences useful soon all he knew.
And them so pursued (not like most of boys)
With great delight, being his early choice ;
His mind was form'd on an excellent plan,
Which soon was discover'd as he grew to man.

His country to serve he early inclin'd,
Where soon he display'd great prowess of mind ;
His deeds that were publick the world does know,
The hardships and toils he did undergo.
That often he'd bled in his country's cause,
Supporting its rights and injured laws ;
None as a soldier appeared more brave,
Nor any more anxious their heros to save.
In every climate and in every place,
He was a friend to the human race ;
His virtues were more than mere empty shew,
Below the surfacee they deeply did grow ;
In whatever light he's brought into view,
Envy itself his good deeds must allow.

The laws of his country he well understood,
And his ambition was his country's good ;
In affairs of the state he had a clear view,
And moderate measures wish'd still to pursue :
To serve his king, and his country to save,
Wafted him o'er the loud dashing wave.

But view him retired and dwelling at home,
That was the place he conspicuously shone ;
His virtues multiplied and they so grew,
That deeds of mercy he lov'd to pursue :
The poor around him were his special care,
And of his bounty made lib'rally to share.
Though to him belonged a famous domain,
The voice of oppression ne'er reached him in vain ;
Among his Tenants how meek and how kind,
To help and relieve was always inclin'd :
Not one of them he e'er tried to oppress,
But often pitied and felt for their distress ;
And at such rents as they rightly could live,
He unto them their farms did give.

But view him still more and closely alone,
From the world retir'd and to it unknown ;
He who through so many climates had trode,
Alone and in family serving his God.
His virtuous consort he dearly did love,
And their lovely offspring with wisdom improve ;
And if he at times to them was severe,
It was that he might their tender minds rear.
That soon their duty they might come to know,
And due submission to their parents shew :
Likewise to fear and reverence their God,
That in their hearts he might make his abode, }
These were the ends for which he us'd the rod ; }

None e'er a brighter example could give,
 Taught them how to die, likewise how to live.
 His duty he knew well how to discharge,
 Both to his family and the country at large ;
 He in his friendship sincere was and true,
 And still it increas'd the more him he knew.

His every action shew'd a virtuous mind,
 His very frowns being always well design'd ;
 But now alas from friends and family tore, }
 They well may weep but him they'll ne'er see }
 more,
 Though long his memory they will still adore. }

ON THE CRUCIFIXION.

PART I.

When darkness o'er the land prevail'd,
 Man's salvation then was seal'd ;
 All nature seem'd as in a maze,
 As if't had been the last of days.
 The sun himself his light refus'd,
 For his Creator being so us'd ;
 Which made the day appear as night,
 When he from it withheld his light.
 The temple's veil in middle rent,
 For having its assistance lent,
 And after drinking 's Father's cup,
 The Lord himself the ghost gave up.

But crucified the Lord was he,
That his salvation might be free ;
The very dregs he did outwring,
That death might have no power to sting.
He on the cross aloud did say,
“ ‘Tis finished”—the debt I pay ;
Salvation now is freely given
To every creature under heaven.
Who will accept my offer’d grace ?
I welcome all the human race,
Freely of it to partake,
For no distinction here I make.
My kingdom it enlarg’d shall be ;
All nations my salvation see,
My glory it shall be reveal’d,
And stubborn sinners made to yield.
My grace to them I’ll so impart,
As captivate and gain their heart ;
With joy them to my house I’ll bring,
And cheerful there my praises sing.
Though I was humbled very low,
I triumph’d over every foe ;
I to my Father now ascend,
Where angels will on me attend ;
And for you all prepare a place,
Of every kindred, tribe, and race, }
That’s sanctified and sav’d by grace. }

PART II.

Though many will my call reject,
And messengers despise ;
My offers free without respect
Of nation, age, or size.

That no excuse they'll have to plead,
Whoe'er my call did hear ;

Because I suffer'd in their stead,
Brought my salvation near.

So if they will not lend an ear,
My call for to obey ;

I as in pieces will them tear,
And fill them with dismay.

My kingdom ruleth over all,
I'll make them for to know ;
And all who do refuse my call,
Sore pangs must undergo.

Though goodness still my heart doth move,
Let sinners warning take ;
Them that I often do reprove,
At last I may forsake.

While therefore it is call'd to day,
O listen and attend ;
Without a moment's more delay,
Your ways attempt to mend.

Although your hearts may harden'd be,
Indulg'd being long in sin ;
Salvation still I offer free,
Twill cleanse you all within.

The wicked I no pleasure have
Their death for to record ;
Almighty still I am to save,
And your Redeeming Lord.
Let nothing then a hindrance prove,
O close then with my grace ;
I here extend my arms of love,
To all the ransom'd race.

A JUVENILE PIECE.*

Hath my dear charmer me forgot,
Or is some rival trying to plot,
And blast my hope forever ;
While such thoughts do crowd my mind,
No peace nor comfort I can find,
But all my frame doth shiver.
When backward I do take a view,
It pain and anguish doth renew,
And fills my soul with grief ;
To think on pleasures that are past,
Makes all my feelings stand aghast,
But brings me no relief.
Her artless unaffected smile,
Did my unwary soul beguile,
And all respect command ;

* This and a few other Pieces were composed in early life.

In her the graces so combine,
That she did like an angel shine,

While I did speechless stand.

But when that she began to speak,
A modest glow did flush her cheek,

Which did her looks improve ;
Then think the feeling of my heart,
Her every look did prove a dart

That wounded me with love.

Though prudence bade me not reveal,
I scarcely could the flame conceal,

It did so warmly glow.

And oft invok'd propitious fate,
To grant me such a lovely mate,

Or her on me bestow.

For by her face I view'd her mind,
And thought her amiable and kind,

And courteous also ;

But time was trifled so away,

That now we could no longer stay,

So homeward we did go.

Let it suffice, we soon did part,

And took goodnight, but then my heart

Was left with her behind ;

Whose image still I kept in view,

Through wilds unknown did it pursue,

And pray'd it to prove kind.

An awful gloom my mind o'erspread,

When once I knew that she was fled,

Before I own'd my love ;

It plac'd my mind so on the rack,
Which me unfitted for to act,

 Or yet myself to move.

I sigh'd and sob'd but all in vain,
No word from her I could obtain,

 To ease my anxions mind ;

Some sparks of hope began to dart,
Thinks I perhaps I'll gain her heart,

 To try it I'm inclin'd.

Guided as by inspiration,
I wrote a candid declaration,

 And press'd my suit with ease ;
Politely then she answer'd me,
Sir I'll not shun your company,

 You may come if you please.

But when that I to see her went,
Although I could like Raphael paint,

 And every feature turn ;
Such grace combin'd with modesty
Would all the artist's skill defy,

 And make his passion burn ;
A mutual flame was soon confest,
Then in my arms I kindly prest,

 My virtuous lovely dear ;
Let fools who are to titles born,
Such trumpery wear, the like I'd scorn,

 While from my jewel I hear.
But just as from a dream awake,

I quickly start, my flesh doth quake,
 When I think on my N—ll ;

Ye gods now hear my ardent prayer,
And of my dear take special care,
 O keep her safe and well.
And let no counsel change her mind,
Nor foolish fop her reason blind,
 But may she constant prové ;
To one whose sense of right and wrong
Is keen and anxious, warm and strong,
 And honest still in love.

A SONG CONNECTED WITH, AND RELATING TO
THE FOREGOING.

TUNE—The Lass o' Patie's Mill.

The jewel that's won my heart
 And captivated me,
Is graceful without art,
 And from all failings free.

Her ev'ry look is grace,
 O how she's wounded me
Wi' her enticing face,
 And blythe bewitching e'e.

Her lips are like the rose,
 Her hands white as the snow,
How charmingly she goes,
 And nicely turns each toe.

Her company is sweet,
And pleasant unto me ;
She's gracefulness complete,
Love centres all in she.

Life from her eyes doth flow,
Her looks spread health around ;
She makes my breath to glow,
In her all cares are drown'd.

A TRIP TO PARNASSUS.

Parnassus whiles I have been climbing,
For to view what on it grows ;
But now of flow'rs it is so thinning,
So many on it daily goes,
That scarce a rose I could discover,
But 's been pluck'd or trampled on ;
Which put me in an uneo swither,
Scarce knew where to make my moan :
But when about was to return,
A goddess chanc'd me to espy,
Who kindly whisper'd do not mourn,
You'll be rewarded by and by ;
For long you have been kept uneasy,
Often treated with neglect,

Now on Parnassus pull a daisy,
I allow out of respect.
For many here attempt to travel,
Who I never wish'd to see ;
That now all sides appear like gravel,
Scarce honey on them for a bee.
For every one would be a poet,
Tho' void of genius and of sense ;
That every day we are annoyed
Wi' some fools who makes pretence
To what was ne'er design'd by nature,
They should any thing of know ;
Yet how disguis'd in every feature,
Here they wander to and fro.
They on the ground keep always groping,
Looking where that others trode ;
In expectation still are hoping,
Never think of a new road.
Now look around, and I will show you
Where Parnassus fruit doth grow.
I'm now beginning for to know you
And some friendship will you show.
'Come, do not be afraid to venture,'
She unto me kindly said,
'Step boldly in, and fairly enter,
Pity ye've so long delay'd.
To riffle all the hidden treasure,
Which unto this place belong,
Nothing will give me greater pleasure,
As what you take will ne'er me wrong.'

Soar high then fruit ye will see plenty,
Seldom ever pluck'd by man ;
In elegant fine clusters dainty,
Pull as fast now as you can.
And please your taste while here you tarry,
The graces soon will all combine ;
And so as nothing may miscarry,
Laurel I'll around you twine.
Although you are but yet a stranger,
Little known upon the hill ;
Of you there's not the least of danger,
When ye've gotten my good will.
Now study and avoid an error,
To which you seem not to be prone ;
And never shew the smallest terror
For any that's before you gone.
Now pluck as fast as you are able
Of the fruit that ye do see,
Then spread them out upon the table,
See wi' you how they agree.
The dishes then let them be various,
To the public ye do serve ;
Although at times it be precarious,
From your purpose never swerve.
No doubt ye whiles will be attacked
By the grovelling servile crew ;
But by the way which ye have acted,
Your visits often may renew.
When I will shew you what's delicious,
And every time of drink your fill ;

Abstain from every thing that's vicious,
Farewell, now I leave the hill.'

The goddess now she disappear'd
All shrouded in a cloud,
When I with gratitude her cheer'd,
Continuing long and loud.
I'll ever study to obey
What was her last command,
As long's on earth I here do stay
Keep reason by the hand.
At least my wish shall ever be
Its dictates to fulfil,
I hope these days I'll never see
That mankind I'll wish ill.
For harmony is what I wish
To see always prevail,
And not my neighbour strive to crush,
I'd rather breaches heal.
It never pleasure me did give
To see mankind oppress'd,
Nor yet I hope as long's I live,
With fools to be caress'd.

THOUGHTS ON THE FALL AND RECOVERY OF MAN.

O who is this that cometh up
From Bozrah who is he,

His garments they are dyed with blood,
A wondrous sight to see.

He travels with surprising speed,
How swiftly he does go ;
Though near us now he doth approach,
Not one his face doth know.

It is the everlasting God
Now left his throne on high ;
Our nature soon he will put on,
And as our surety die.

Long before the worlds were made
Our cause did undertake,
God's dear Beloved pledg'd his word,
Us he would ne'er forsake.

For when the time it did arrive
To open the decree ;
How all things started at command,
That he ordain'd should be.

Man in's own image he did make,
Such kindness to him shew'd ;
And when creation finish'd was,
A wife on him bestow'd,

A garden was for them prepar'd
By the Creator's hand,

And every thing left to their will,
If one tree they'd let stand.

The angels who had first rebell'd,
The garden did espy ;
In council then they did debate
How it they could come nigh.

The serpent they observ'd docile,
On him they tried their skill ;
For well they knew that man was left
With freedom in his will.

Dear-bought experience and envy,
Them cautious made to be ;
The serpent's form one did assume,
Then tasted of the tree.

While Eve was walking in the shade,
The day being very hot ;
The serpent he so kindly smil'd,
Her caution she forgot.

The fruit appear'd delicious,
Nothing could it excel ;
Its properties with wondrous art,
He unto her did tell.

With earnestness and seeming zeal
His language so applied ;

It so her inclination gain'd,
That she an apple tried.

Its beauty did her fancy gain,
Its taste her sense beguile ;
The serpent when his end obtain'd
Did then malicious smile.

O Adam ! little dost thou know
What now hath taken place ;
The serpent hath thy wife beguil'd,
Which ruin will thy race.

Eve still some fruit held in her hand,
She kept for Adam's sake ;
When lovingly again they met,
Her husband made partake.

He too did eat without regard
Of the command just given,
Then soon their sentence was pronounc'd.
And from the garden driven.

The serpent's doom it now was fix'd
For ever firm and sure ;
But though that Adam had rebell'd,
For him was found a cure.

He who eternity can span,
And all things comprehend ;

O magnify his wondrous love,
All worlds without end!

For he from all eternity
On man had fix'd his love,
Unalterable by decree,
It never to remove.

But justice must be satisfied,
Before love now can vent ;
Though Adam once got grace enough,
He had it wholly spent.

But now the great creating God,
Who all things being gave,
Did magnify almighty love,
And mankind come to save.

The way he clearly pointed out,
That justice had to take ;
He as their surety had come bound,
And die would for their sake.

Through types and sacrifices he
A long time was reveal'd ;
His name it was a sure defence,
A buckler and a shield.

His people he did still defend,
When they did keep his laws ;

And never did he them forsake
Without sufficient cause.

But when time in its fulness came,
Again did condescend
To leave his glorious throne on high,
And to our wants attend.

Our nature then he did partake,
Was of a woman born ;
Submitted now to be revil'd,
And of all men the scorn.

The precept of the law fulfill'd,
Its penalty did pay ;
The sinner now is freed from guilt,
Through him who did obey.

He's now ascended up on high,
And pleads at God's right hand ;
But soon assembled worlds lie
Before him will command.

Then let it be our daily care,
While here on earth we dwell :
Our int'rest for to make secure,
And then all would be well.

To day we're call'd for to obey,
To morrow's not our own.

A moment may our fate decide,
And then the spirit's flow'n.

A PARAPHRASE ON THE XXXV. CHAP. OF ISAIAH.

The wilderness shall be made glad,
The solitary sing ;
The desert shall be made to smile,
And blossom as the spring.
Abundantly it blossom shall,
Will sing, yea and rejoice ;
Of Lebanon the glory is,
And her Redeemer's choice.
The feeble knees with strength confirm,
The weak hands do make strong ;
Shew them that are of fearful heart,
They to the Lord belong.
The blinded eyes shall open'd be,
The ears 'twere deaf shall hear ;
And like a hart the lame shall leap,
Their minds being full of cheer.
In wilderness shall streams break out,
The dumb for joy shall sing ;
The parched ground a pool become,
And thirsty land a spring.
And in the place where Dragons lay,
Shall reeds and rushes grow,
And in the way that shall be there,
The unclean shall not go.

Though fools way-faring men may be,
 Yet therein shall not err ;
 No rav'nous beast nor lion shall see,
 Them thee for to deter ;
 But there shall the Redeemed walk,
 The ransom'd of the Lord,
 And songs of everlasting joy
 Shall sing with one accord.
 All sorrow then shall flee away,
 No sighing more shall be ;
 They joy and gladness shall obtain
 With all felicity.

A SONG—SPANISH LIBERTY.

Air—Scots wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled.

Liberty thou lovely maid,
 Shamefully thou've been betray'd,
 Or in Spain would yet have stay'd,
 But she could not thee handle :
 Priests, a most degraded tribe,
 Malice at thee could not hide,
 Stabbed thee from side to side ;
 To Europe what a scandal.
 Tyrants tremble at thy name,
 Priests make thee to blush with shame,
 Still on thee throw all the blame
 Of spreading desolation ;

Degenerate Nobles not a few
They brought over to their view,
Liberty they never knew,

Or would not sold their nation.

The creature whom they call their king,
Silly trifler, false and mean,
Makes what does the virgin screen,

Tho' patriots he keeps starving ;
Name of King he doth degrade,
Nature's fool, besotted mad,
Actions shew his heart is bad,

Malicious still and swerving.

In malice too did thee embrace,
But sprung from a tyrannic race,
From his dominions thee did chace,

The moment he betray'd thee :
And now since thou hast left his soil,
He on thy lovers doth recoil,
MINA for thee hard did toil,

Did all he could to stay'd thee.
Unless in Britain few thee know,
There triumphant ye do go,
You to her are more than shew,

For well she knows thy value ;
Greeks with you alliance claim,
Greeks deserving o' the name,
To embrace thee think no shame,

And round you for to rally.
America it is the place
Tyrants dare not shew their face,

Holy allies she would chase,
 If they attempt her border ;
 You sh'll bring into respect,
 And wi' her neighbours you protect,
 Now I beg you'll ne'er neglect
 To keep from all disorder.
 Thy value soon will more be known,
 Freedom's seed being thickly sown,
 Here and there 'tis partly grown,
 And fruit soon it will carry ;
 Tyrants ye will overawe,
 Never mind what they you ca',
 Soon their last breath make them draw,
 O haste and do not tarry.

ON LORD BYRON.

O BYRON had but length of days
 Been thy Creator's will to give,
 Thou'd sung the most sublime of lays,
 There's none excell'd thee e'er did live.
 Thy fancy bright saw nature through,
 Thine was the genius to display
 And bring to light, clear into view,
 What rais'd our wonder and dismay.
 The path you chose was all your own,
 It ne'er by mortal e'er was trode ;
 But now alas thy spirit's flown
 Unto some new unknown abode.

A SONG.

Air—Banks and Braes of Bonny Doon.

Ye braes o' Gowrie why beguile,
You make me think myself a boy,
Your foliage sweetly so doth smile,
My fancy still you do decoy.

On you I've wander'd all the day,
Till hame at e'en I scarce could creep ;
Being so deluded wi' my play,
When following the lambs and sheep.

But nature then such pleasure gave
Unto my young untutor'd mind.
My only care was how to save
A Lammie whiles when left behind.

But oft times since I have envied
The pleasure of a Shepherd's life ;
But me such pleasures been denied,
Or I'd ne'er seen such wanton strife.

"Tis in the days of early youth
Before we join the crowd among,
That simple undisguised truth
So fluent flows from every tongue.

When I reflect on what I've seen,
Since Gowrie Braes I wander'd o'er,
The view brings objects to my e'en,
The like I hope I'll ne'er see more.

How my fancy loves to hover
About the place which gave me birth,
Though my youth it can't recover,
It minds me still of early mirth;

And brings such stories to my mind,
Besides myself few now doth know,
But at this time I'm no inclin'd
To introducee a tale of woe.

A SONG.

Air—Loudon bonny Woods and Braes.

Evelick banks and bonny braes
Will you go and see lassie,
I'm sure your fancy they will please,
As soon as you them see lassie.

Upon their top we'll take a stand,
And rest and look a while lassie,
The view you'll have at your command
Will sure your sense beguile lassic.

The Carse of Gowrie ye will see,
And all the north of Fife lassie ;
The Tay and part o' German sea
Join hands as man and wife lassie.

The hills and valleys far and near
Must to your view submit lassie ;
And every name you please to spier
I'll tell before we flit lassie.

And if it be a pleasant day,
O'er the hills we'll stroll lassie ;
We'll let it be some time in May,
When we the heat can thole lassie.

The blossom then will be in bud,
The valleys full of spring lassie ;
The hares o'er hill and dale will scud,
The burdies they will sing lassie.

All nature will be hast'ning fast,
Its beauty to display lassie ;
And all the troubles that are past,
Forget in sic a day lassie.

The gowans unshelter'd by a bield,
On burnie braes will shine lassie ;
And all the floweries in the field
That day will look divine lassie.

The boughs their glory will disclose,
In honor of that day lassie ;
And when night does the evening close,
Slip hame when it grows grey lassie.

TO A RICH BATCHELOR WHO IS NO GOSSIPER.

Will ye go round by Tarvit park
And take a walk afor't be dark,
I want to see the body —

Or I'll step up to Tarvit tower,
And if it chance to come a shower,
I'll wait upon you for an hour.

But if you'll no come out till gloamin',
I'll meet wi' you upon the common,
Where ye will be seen by no man.

For if ye wish na to be seen,
I'll walk about upon the green,
And be to you a kind o' screen.

For though ye have a holy mind,
Sometimes you're carnal ways inclin'd,
And now ye're getting far behind.

'Tis only just to make a show,
That near the lasses e'er ye go,
And that they now begin to know.

Nae doubt but ye gae neat and spruce,
And mony ane believes ye're douce,
For seldom ye craw very crouse.

What makes the lasses you misca'.
When they draw near ye slip awa',
A thing they dinna like ava'.

But if it's always been the case,
That ye could ne'er the lasses face,
Perhaps some day they'll gie ye chase.

But as ye've never hard been wrought,
And o' a wife would take a thought,
By mony ane ye might be sought.

Get ye a sober ane to please,
And ane that winna plague an' tease,
Though ye should buy'r a suit o' claes.

For as to siller ye hae cairns,
There's naething wanting now but bairns
For you to shog atween your arms.

But if ye thought they would do harm,
Ye could gie the wife a charm,
Or divert her wi' a farm.

At ony rate ye should proceed,
 And try if ye can raise a breed,
 There's naething hinders ye but greed.

Or want of power, O fy for shame!
 For having lien sae lang your lane,
 And now your trade ye hae mistaen.

WHEN TAKING IN SUBSCRIBERS, AND CALLING UPON
 THE CLERGY AS WELL AS OTHERS, THE FOLLOWING
 WAS COMPOSED ON THE ROAD BETWEEN
 FALKLAND AND AUCHTERMUCHTY.

Though sanctity they do pretend,
 And make their boast and glory,
 Much need have they their ways to mend,
 For few o' them are holy.
 No doubt they are like other men,
 As individuals taken ;
 We only by their garb them ken,
 Few vice have they forsaken.
 Unless it be some public ones,
 Them would expose to scandal ;
 There's few of them that curse and bans,
 Though sly can lasses handle.
 There's many a worthy man indeed
 Still found in the profession ;

But most are full of cursed greed,
And well deserve a threshin'.
Whatever fine things they may tell,
Some set a bad example ;
E'en little better than mysel',
Were I to pick a sample.
The mantle they around them throw,
Right barely it them covers.
Against themselves pronounces woe,
When they're reproving others.
Whatever be your end or aim,
And whate'er doctrines teach ;
Unless your hearers hearts you gain,
'Twill ne'er conviction reach.
Then let your walk be circumspect
Abroad where e'er ye go ;
And then you'll meet with no neglect
From neither friend nor foe.
The Trade you've taken up for bread,
And often run unsent ;
Necessity is what ye plead
When on a living bent.
But when you do get fairly in,
And settl'd sure the stipend ;
Ye care not how your Kirks may thin,
Or break their hearts wi' weeping.
The most o' Reverends that I saw,
Their views were so contracted ;
My bow I will now fairly draw,
And shew how they have acted.

I'll pierce their mantle through and through,
I mean not to deceive them ;
Hypocrisy expose anew,
However it may please them.
Exceptions still I'll freely make,
Just as I go along then.
Howe'er the wise and good inlake,
No decent man I'll wrong then ;
'Tis only those who do pretend
To have what they do want much.
Unless their ways they speedy mend,
They ne'er need ape a saint much.
For pure religion undefil'd,
They nothing know about it ;
And if the world's on them smil'd,
They try and shift without it.
If that they would but keep in view,
Their calling and their station ;
And nothing zealously pursue,
But what's for reformation.
Then they might yet a blessing prove
Unto all round about them ;
If what they said were out of love,
There's few indeed would doubt them.
But seldom they pay much regard
How that their flocks are thriving ;
Yet keenly look for the reward,
And for high stipends striving.
Were they but paid just as they wrought,
Some livings would be small ;

And if they take not some more thought,
Some would have none at all.
What pity then it is to see
The cloth so oft disgraced,
Them who our teachers ought to be,
With talents so misplaced.
There's many one that's even spoil'd,
Just in the very breeding ;
I wish their fingers were well oil'd,
And them prevent from reading.
However good the matter be,
Of such was ne'er admirer ;
When once the paper I do see,
I often grow a tirer.
Why not exert like other men
Who speak just by profession ;
If that their trade they ne'er did ken,
They'd better far been threshin'.
And then each Rostrum might been fill'd
With men who nice could handle ;
And heart and hand wi' life fa' till't,
And not religion scandal.

A PARAPHRASE ON THE LVI. CHAP. OF ISAIAH.

Keep judgment, thus the Lord did say,
Do justice and my call obey ;

My righteousness I will reveal,
And my salvation make you feel.
Blest is the man who thus doth do,
And every thing that's good pursue;
The sabbath who do not pollute,
And what is good doth execute.
Let not the stranger's son now say
The Lord I've no right to obey.
Because I separate long have been,
Nor eunuch more his dry tree mean;
God to the eunuch now doth say,
My sabbath keep and laws obey.
And if my cov'nant you partake,
A name that's lasting I'll you make;
Cut off you never it shall see,
Within my walls shall lasting be.
The strangers too that join the Lord,
He them protection will afford;
Who as his servants him obey,
Do not profane the sabbath day.
And of his cov'nant hold doth take,
Them joyful in his house he'll make;
His holy mountain they shall see,
And make their prayers accepted be.
An house of prayer it is to all
Who will accept his proffer'd call,
And all to him who that have fled,
Their hearts with joy he will make glad.
Beside those gather'd, still he'll bring
The outcasts who for joy will sing:

The beasts in forest and in field
Come to devour, and scarce will yield.
For watchmen are so blind that they
Their flocks allow abroad to stray ;
They ignorant are of their wark,
So grossly so they cannot bark.
Sleepy, lazy, slumbering dogs,
Self-conceited idle rogues ;
So greedy that they all devour
Whatever comes within their power.
Enough they never yet did say,
Still looks for gain each from his way ;
They even do not understand
What scourge they are unto a land.
Come let us fetch more wine they say,
To-morrow shall be as to-day ;
Yea more abundant it shall be,
For strong drink will with us agree ;
And of it we shall take our fill,
Let the sheep wander as they will.

MEDITATING UPON MY OWN SITUATION LED ME
INTO THE FOLLOWING SOLILOQUY.

O Fortune wilt thou ne'er prove kind,
But persecute me still ;
Or art thou but a goddess blind,
That can do little ill.

Whoever worships thee and kneels,
Or bows before thy shrine ;
If, like me, they thy vengeance feel,
They'll ne'er own thee divine.
I've often thought to catch a glance
Of thee, and yet acquaint,
This long time I have lost the chance,
Though on it ne'er so bent.
If thou hast any power at all,
Or favor for to grant ;
Exert thy power however small,
And me preserve from want.
I'm in a labyrinth of distress,
And scarce know what to do ;
Daily wants so hard me press,
And closely me pursue.
I've worshipped thee as a good,
Much more than what I ought ;
Yet scarce allows me clothes and food,
Or any thing I've sought.
One time indeed such things did smile,
As men do Fortune call ;
Which only did my sense beguile,
And sorer made my fall.
Perhaps it wisely order'd was
By him who fortune guides,
Me to convince there is a cause
For all that me betides.
What may appear to me as chance,
Or fortune if you please ;

Serves only now for to enhance,
And admiration raise.

Because that when I look around,
Brings reason to the test ;
It doth my judgment quite confound
To know what state is best.
Them who do wallow in their wealth,
And every thing at will ;
Oft wi' their conscience, and their health,
Time scarce know how to kill.

And every one who deals in trade,
Whatever kind it be,
As often sorry is as glad,
Or he is rare to see.

Whate'er gradations we do try,
We'll find the odds but small ;
If daily wants we can supply,
They'll scarce be known at all.
For if the one doth loll at ease,
And nothing has to do :
The other it doth equal please,
His business to pursue.

There some indeed are hard beset,
And scarce know how to live ;
But when an extra meal they get,
It cheerfulness doth give.

The balance is most wisely made
By the Creator's hand ;
Whate'er excuses we may plead,
Time's ne'er brought to a stand.

For good with evil's still been mix'd
Since time near first began ;
And every thing ordain'd and fix'd
In the eternal plan.
Whatever we may fortune call,
There's nothing comes by chance,
Being fore-ordin'd by God of all,
His glory to advance.
Then let me never more repine
Whate'er may be my lot ;
But trust in providence divine
That I'll not be forgot.
For oft the clouds are ne'er so dark,
As near the break of day ;
But still that is no certain mark,
But soon they'll wear away.
And though at times our fate be hard,
Scarce able it to bear ;
Let's fix our eyes on the reward
Of them who God do fear.
And then howe'er we may be toss'd,
As onward ye proceed ;
There ne'er a sinner yet was lost,
He saves in time of need.
Let every one then courage take,
Whate'er may be his station ;
The Lord him never will forsake,
Being given for salvation.

BEING OVERTAKEN WITH DARKNESS, THE FOLLOWING
SCENE TOOK PLACE.

One evening beautiful and fair,
I wander'd out to breathe the air ;
All nature seem'd combin'd to please,
Her works did loll so much at ease.
And as I mus'd the way along,
Whiles humming to myself a song ;
My mind had grown so wondrous cheery,
I never thought of getting weary.
But when I now began a-thinking,
The starnies in the lift were blinking ;
I by this time was far frae hame,
Still wandering in the fields my lane.
And that the time I might beguile,
I sat me down to rest a while ;
But scarcely down when fell a winking,
Which put me past the power of thinking.
And when I thought I was composing,
I'd only nodding been and dozing ;
Sleep did now so quite deceive me,
Of safety every thought did leave me.
But never did I feel more happy,
Nor yet get sic a pleasant nappie ;
And thought I saw when I was dreaming,
Delightful colours—bright and streaming ;
Which were so wondrous to behold,
Their sight surpass'd the purest gold ;

So bright and beautiful they shin'd,
As if all nature had combin'd
To shew the great eternal cause
By which she regulates her laws.
But while I was so much admiring,
The elements had been conspiring ;
And scarce had I begun to wonder,
Till nature crack'd and burst asunder :
Which waken'd me in such a fright,
I started to my feet upright ;
But where I was I nought did know,
Nor which way homeward I could go ;
For all was dark as dark could be,
That scarce an object I could see.
I now began for to debate
Upon my strange unlucky fate.
Remain or go was now the question,
Which to myself I oft did mention ;
But could na fix nor even venture
On any road just now to enter.
So after many ifs and I,
Thinks I some method I must try ;
Day light will soon the country show,
And then I'll know what way to go.
But still continuing to debate,
And thinking what might be my fate ;
First I heard a distant moan,
And by and by a louder groan ;
Again, before I'd time to think,
I heard a voice still more distinct :

But as I yet could nothing see,
I wonder'd much what it might be.
The voice or voices did renew,
And louder still and louder grew ;
That if there be sie thing as witches,
Thinks I they've got me in their clutches ;
And may perhaps kick up a stour
At sic a late untimeous hour ;
And long before it be day-light,
May put me in an awfu' fright.
But though that I was far frae hame,
In sic a weary place my lane ;
Good luck it was I thought on Sma',*
Which made me laugh till like to fa'.
Then looked round about a wee,
If any object I could see ;
But nothing I could yet discover,
Neither one way nor another.
When every thing appear'd at peace,
An awfu' noise again took place ;
Rattling, shouting, yelling, roaring,
As millions there had been devouring ;
And ilka shout like claps o' thunder,
As nature had been rent asunder ;
But at the income o' the day,
The noise began to die away ;
And when I look'd a wee around,
Still found myself on well known ground ;

* Small's Roman Antiquities.

Near by the foot o' Largo Law,
 As blythe a sight as e'er I saw ;
 The noise proceeded from the den
 Would frighten'd all the sons of men ;
 For sic an awfu' music band
 The Laird did never yet command,
 And trust he ne'er it will employ,
 Unless by way of *feu de joie*.

PART II.

If e'er the place I pass again,
 I wish the witches may na ken,
 If sic a thing there be.
 The noise that was made afore
 You'd thought the earth and air would tore,
 Instead o' fright'ning me.
 Largo Den 's an unco place,
 If witches was na in the case,
 I doubt na but 'twas waur ;
 Perhaps th' inhabitants o' the Law
 Their neighbours trying to overawe,
 And a' body to sear.
 If I had haen a trumpet wi' me,
 When I had blown they might come to me,
 I'd lik'd them for to 've seen ;
 Or maybe they might run awa'
 As soon's I had begun to blaw,
 And a' themselves demean.

Whether it was beasts or boys,
Deils or witches made the noise,
I nothing now do care ;
There's ae thing true I nothing saw,
And day-light chas'd the noise awa,
Or I might got a fear.

But if the den they use as cells,
And the Law for health ;
If they agree amang themsel's,
They soon may gather wealth.
Whiles lighting and frightening
Just for the sake o' gain,
All classes that passes
Themsel's for to maintain.
Still frying and crying
As loud as they can roar ;
Dancing an prancing,
O what a jov'al core.

If I the noise hear again,
I'll try them for to match ;
I'll step awa' into the den,
Perhaps I may them catch.
Nothing shall a-wanting be,
I'll twa three tak alang wi' me ;
We 'll chase them, disgrace them,
And mak' them leave the den.
They'll rue if they do
Try me to fright again.

To the Law we'll them ca',
Or drown them in the sea ;
That by night or day-light,
Nae mair frights they may gie.

ON ANGER.

When that reason's laid aside,
What objects then we do appear ;
Vice itself long will not hide,
Soon its head it does uprear.
Thinking's not within our reach,
To reflect's beyond our power ;
Every nerve's beyond the stretch,
Then what tortures we endure,
Consolation too is gone,
Anger we cannot appease ;
Reason reassumes her throne,
Every thing's again at ease.
Then reason always keep the sway,
O'er my actions to preside ;
Thy dictates make me still obey,
Pangs I may not have to bide.
When the passions are afloat,
All into confusion go ;
What is good is then forgot,
Searee a friend know from a foe.

Then let us ne'er indulge in vice,
Until with it familiar grow ;
In time beware—O take advice
Before it work your overthrow.

MORNING SONG.

O if I knew but where to find
The great—the good—the high ;
His name it is Jehovah kind,
He dwells above the sky.

Omnipotence there 's none can trace,
Nor can it comprehend ;
On thousand worlds hath its eyes,
And doth them all attend.

Its works are all past wonderful,
But few of them are known ;
Unless what in its goodness great,
Hath to its creatures shewn:

Then let us evermore adore,
While here on earth we dwell,
This great, this good and mighty Lord,
And all his praises tell.

Who with his blood did us redeem,
The last mite he did pay,
And suffer'd all his Father's wrath,
So willing to obey.

O let us then fore'er adore
Such rich and sov'reign grace ;
Again the image did restore
That sin did so efface.

The saints of God will ever sing,
Through all eternity,
The song of Moses and the lamb
With tuneful harps on high.

Then let us cheerfully attend,
Before it be too late ;
And willingly the call obey
Which settles all our fate.

The gospel trumpet then will be
Forever heard no more ;
And faith and sense give way to sight,
And evermore adore.

MORNING SONG.

Well might the sun then hide his face,
And due submission shew,
When that the Godhead now was veil'd
For debt that we did owe.

He who had legions at command
Did cheerfully submit
Unto all ignominious pain,
While in his face they spit.

He nailed was upon the cross,
Him who was Lord of all ;
That not a drop of vengeance due
Might on his people fall.

No hesitation he did make
To leave his throne on high ;
The great and the eternal God
Did as our surety die.

He pray'd the cup might pass away,
Were it his Father's will ;
My God, my God, I thee obey,
All righteousness fulfil.

"Tis finished upon the cross,
The eternal God did say ;
I as your surety did become,
The debt now I did pay.

The sinner now I have set free,
And claim him as my own ;
My kingdom is established,
And satan's power o'erthrown.

I to my Father now return,
And leave you for a while ;
My spirit I will shortly send
For to secure my toil.

He'll take the scales from off your eyes,
That ye may clearly see ;
And unto you my grace impart,
Th' eternal God is he.

Salvation now is free to all,
Who will accept my grace ;
Since I the law have magnified,
That sin did so efface.

MORNING SONG.

The gospel call 's to sanctify
The first day of the week,
On which the great Redeemer rose,
Who was so mild and meek.

No longer could the grave contain
Him who was Lord of all ;
O death where is the sting now gone
Which sin gave at the fall.

The Lord of glory clean did take
The sting of death away ;
And for the saints he did perfume
The grave—while in 't he lay.

O well may now the saints rejoice,
And glory in their Head ;
The law who did so magnify,
While standing in their stead.

A willing purchase he did make,
And down the price did pay ;
And rose by his almighty power
Again on the third day.

His people's faith he did confirm
 Before he did ascend :
 O magnify such wond'rous love,
 All worlds without end.

The mighty Conqueror now is gone,
 Who freed the human race ;
 All righteousness he did fulfil
 When he stood in their place.

Their cause he doth forever plead,
 Not one plea e'er did loss ;
 For they redeem'd were with the blood
 He shed upon the cross.

Then let the saints of God rejoice
 In their triumphant Head,
 Who out of love and for their sake
 Did sin in triumph lead.



JUVENILE PIECE—EARLY VIEWS OF PROVIDENCE AS
 COMMUNICATED IN A LETTER TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

I plainly see that providence
 Doth over-rule all matters,
 And nothing happens by mischance
 To any of his creatures.

Nothing but what he knows full well,
Unto us can befall ;
Nothing but what is for our good,
If we on him do call.
Even when we think to carve our lot,
In this our world below ;
Then he displays his sovereign acts,
And maketh us to know,
How that he had all things decreed
Before the world began ;
And in the course of providence
Doth execute the plan.
Remember what is said of those
Who think their lots to make ;
Vain fools, and justly styl'd they are,
That divine laws forsake.

Of providence you 've got my view, }
I'll happy be to hear from you, }
And for the present bid adieu. }

JUVENILE PIECE—SENT TO A HIGHLY RESPECTED
YOUNG FRIEND, AT —————

Most people are to vice's path inclin'd,
It being so natural to the corrupt mind :
Some are adorn'd with grace that is divine,
And some illustriously in virtue shine.

And so in you although in tender years,
A noble show of modesty appears ;
And now when prudence doth steer its course
Even to beholders 'tis a pleasant sight. [aright,
Angelic like you shining do appear,
And occupies each grace in 'ts proper sphere ;
Sure Phœbus-like, a bright display you make,
At present adieu—I farewell do take.

THE FOLLOWING VERSES WERE COMPOSED UNDER
GREAT DEPRESSION OF MIND.

To courtly style I am a stranger,
And to polish'd language too :
And though I were, there might be danger,
That way too much to pursue.
Although the task it might be pleasant,
To flatter mankind and caress ;
And still the more with language season'd,
In a smiling courtly dress.
To be at Court I am a stranger,
Nor do I well its manners know,
Yet still I think there might be danger
So all the pleasure I'll forego.
The courtly parasite may flatter,
And its vices try to scan ;
For me if I should live on water,
I'll be an independent man.

For basely I have been deceiv'd,
Although by those in lower sphere ;
But now, if not of sense bereav'd,
For the future I'll take care.
At times indeed I've been too easy,
That my crafty friends well know ;
When doing what they could to please me,
Working were my overthrow.
But when their point they once have gain'd,
And my ruin made complete ;
Would they suppose their honor stain'd,
When once I'm turn'd to the street.
Without a shilling in my pocket,
And scarce a friend me to bemoan ;
Will 't please them if my door were lockit,
And all I had forever gone.
My children whom I love so dearly,
How I feel for their distress,
And may alas them not see yearly,
I used daily to caress.
Oft fondly to my bosom press'd them,
Delighted wi' their prattling tongue ;
For cruel death it had bereft them
Of their dear mother very young.
I've often struggl'd, but with pleasure,
Their every want for to supply ;
Because they are my only treasure,
Nothing I could them deny.
But as the time is seeming over
That I can them assistance give ;

I'll them commit to the great Mover,
By whose goodness all do live.
And pray that he may wise protect them,
And to them a parent be ;
And still through life may ne'er neglect them,
Though I seldom them should see.

EXPRESSIVE OF THE AUTHOR'S FEELINGS.

Oft times it falls to the generous man's lot,
If poor, by his friends and the world forgot ;
His former good deeds are seldom thought on, }
And as for his virtues they 'll say he had none, }
They only appear when he's dead and gone. }

It hurts my feelings when I think,
Yea grieves me wondrous sore ;
How modest men so often wink,
When characters are tore.
Though modesty I do commend,
Yet truth I value more ;
So for them both I will contend,
For vice I do abhor.
Let 's try and apply
This doctrine 's we go on ;
For me I do see
My comforter is gone.

Yet when I look around and see,
There's many worse than I ;
Contented then I ought to be,
And with my fate comply.
For Providence does oft see meet,
Us wisely for to try ;
That he may make us more complete,
And on himself rely.
'Tis good that we should
Be taught before too late,
He's just and we must
Submit unto our fate.
Our duty let us then pursue,
Still trusting in his grace ;
And then we'll ne'er have cause to rue,
Whate'er may be our case.
For though our lot seems hard to bear,
We ought not to repine ;
And yet I've often cause to fear
That very lot is mine.
Reflects, but neglects
What I ought to pursue ;
Hoping and dropping
My object when in view.
With me the case hath always been,
I freely must confess ;
That when misfortunes I have seen,
I felt for the distress.
When plenty smil'd at my command,
Its wants I did beguile ;

But things have now come to a stand,
And have been this long while.
But yet to forget
Our friends in time of need ;
I'll rue if I do
Admit it in my creed.
When I'm in a reflecting mood,
And take a glance behind ;
'Tis wonderful, yea just and good,
How all hath been design'd.
The great Projector did foresee,
And wisely so combine
All things that were or e'er shall be,
Before and after time.
In dust then we must
Take up our last abode ;
The call's unto all,
Prepare to meet thy God.
Then let's be careful while we're here,
How time it is employ'd;
Since nothing past howe'er so dear,
Again can be enjoy'd ;
For time keeps fleeting on the wing,
No more for to return ;
While hills and dales and valleys ring,
"That man was made to mourn."
Since we know that 'tis so,
Then let us wisely try
To love and improve
The moments as they fly.

Oft they who bask in fortune's lap,
And think themselves secure,
E'er well aware fall in a trap,
They find 's ill to endure.
For when we carefully look round,
And narrowly do pry :
What strange reverse is to be found
Among the proud and high.
Let's fear and take care,
And wish things order'd so ;
Astray not a day
We never more may go.

JUVENILE PIECE—A SHEEP'S HEAD HAVING BEEN SENT
TO A SMITH TO SINGE, AND NOT BEING RETURNED,
PRODUCED THE FEW FOLLOWING
EXTEMPORARY VERSES.

Now John speak out and tell the truth,
Was 't sold to help to quench your drouth,
Or ablins taen to fill your mouth
In time o' need,
The muckle vengeance blaw ye south
If 't was for greed.

When that provisions are sae dear,
A sheep's head wad mak' dainty cheer,

And wi' some whisky or gude beer,
To gar ye crack,
Ye'd dine and no be very dear
For a' their slack.

But gin ye winna mak' confession,
Depend on it I'll tell the Session,
Then O ! my lad for a sound threshin'
O' words like steel,
And throw ye for the niest transgression
To very diel.

Does conscience never gie a twang,
And whisper John I fear ye 'll hang,
Or hae ye carried on sae lang
At sic-like tricks,
That by this time it 's lost its fang,
But never kicks.

Now John I hope ye will repent,
And for the future tak' gude tent,
If ony heads to you are sent
Again to sing,
And slily gae 's the ither went,
Ye ought to swing.

ON W. W. WHOSE CHARACTER I DREW
FROM WHAT MATERIALS CAME UNDER MY VIEW.

My honest friend I like to see him,
Though I hae naething to do wi' him ;
He 's ay sae frank and wond'rous cheery,
That seldom ever he grows weary ;
He ay some body wants to see,
And back he 'll come just in a wee.
But though sometimes he does neglect,
'Tis no for want o' due respect ;
But when he comes ye maunna tease him,
Rather something say to please him.
For he 's been hinder'd wi' some ithers,
He looks on mankind a' as brithers ;
That whate'er time he has to spare,
Thinks ilka ane should get a share :
And why for no ? he's ay sae happy,
Baith without and wi' the drappy.
He 's just as happy for to see ye,
Though naething he hae to do wi' ye,
As when he 's plenty and to spare,
And happy to gie you a share.
O how canty and how cracky !
When he sits down to tak' a drappie,
He 's so obliging and so kind,
He freely tells you a' his mind.

But if he chance to stay till gloamin,
Sometimes he lives upon the common ;
But that's no aft—so I'll forgie him,
And happy always be to see him.

N.B.—Some Sibyl prophesied of old
The story I have just now told ;
"Tis an authenticated truth
Come newly frae his very mouth.
When she him saw while but a child,
She knew his fate the way he smil'd ;
And by his young and tender mind,
She judg'd how he would be inclin'd,
The look of mercy she could trace
Sit smiling on his bonny face ;
And brawly ken'd she by his smile,
He ne'er would try man to beguile.
But be as meek as meek could be,
And happy ay his friends to see ;
Yet still good-natur'd, kind, and brave,
And hate the name of being a knave ;
And never nice, though far frae silly,
And ay gude honest-hearted Willie.

JUVENILE PIECE—THE PERSON ADDRESSED WHEN PUTTING ON A HIND WHEEL HAD GOT HIS HEAD ENTANGLED BETWEEN THE SPOKES, AND WAS CRYING ALOUD FOR ASSISTANCE JUST AS THE AUTHOR WAS PASSING.

What made you cry so,
Was your neck like to go,
Or meant you to sound an alarm ;
Or, when ought does you pass,
Do you bray like an ass,
Although it should do you no harm.
Believe me, your cry
'Most pierc'd the sky,
You so loudly did bellow and roar ;
Your shout was like thunder,
It struck me with wonder,
I thought the head from body was tore.
You stagger'd it 's true,
But to give ye your due,
You did not stay long in that case ;
When they water did mention,
Ye show'd your intention
By the wrinkles and wrys o' your face.
A spark that was deep,
Of your face took a peep,
He instantly knew the disease ;
Go, John, bring a dram,
It was all but a sham,
But folk maun do something to please.

It scarcely was over
When he did recover ;

It had such a happy effect,
That when he gets dry
I fear he will try
To get drams at the risk o' his neck.

His companions nae doubt
At times lead him out,

Well know they his real inclination,
And that very night,
The whisky and fright

Made him drunk with joy and vexation.
He's so fond of the cure,
No pain he'll endure,

But when he applies it with speed ;
Whole days he will roar,
(When fou) like a boar,

He's so fond of repeating the deed.
I must it allow,
That when he gets fou,

He's a wondrous troublesome fellow,
And to his disgrace,
That's too aft the case,

Ay when he can get it he's mellow.
Yet whiles he'll pretend,
His ways for to mend,

But it's more in words than intention ;
Whoever did know
Him refusing to go,

When to him they whisky did mention ?

DEATH OF 1823, AND BIRTH OF 1824.

O time thou swiftly dost keep running,
Nothing can thy speed retard ;
Of thee there's no such thing as shunning,
To no man thou pay'st regard.
Six thousand years are nearly over,
Since thou first wast known to man ;
What millions in thy womb you cover
Yearly since thy race began.
Yet still thou art as keen as ever
To obey thy Maker's will ;
Though thou of life art not the giver,
Thy province is mankind to kill.
There's one thing, thou art still impartial,
Unto none dost favor show ;
The greatest Hero or Field Martial,
In thy dealing ne'er did know.
All must submit to thy decision,
From thy sentence none appeal ;
And though they could they've no provision,
Thou with all so equal deal.
Oft-times we blame thee without reason,
When the fault is all our own ;
All things are beautiful in season,
Or e'er the bloom be fully blown.
But thee we have so oft divided
Into moments, days, and years ;

Yet hitherto we 've been provided,
Which requires our grateful cheers.
Another year hath slipped over,
Which unto our stock doth add ;
Again a moment can't recover,
Whatever way we us'd it had.
There's many one no doubt was cheering,
When the year did last begin ;
Who now are past the power of hearing,
To be disturbed by our din.
Time thou art forever precious,
Whatsoever way improv'd ;
To me appear thou dost more gracious,
Than when thee I better lov'd.
But still we ought to be contented,
While that here a being have ;
However healthy and stout-hearted,
From death a moment cannot save.

Then let us study and improve
Time as it still keeps flying ;
That conscience may us not reprove,
When on a sick-bed dying.

Perhaps there some of you may think
My lecture too severe ;
And rather wish a wee drap drink
To welcome the New Ycar.

Fill't then and till't then,
O happy may you be ;
Take off your glass,
Each one caress,
For who so blythe as we.

Now since we 're in a lively mood,
There might be little ill,
Since that the liquor is so good,
Another glass to fill.

Your health and your strength,
May you them long retain ;
Wi' a drappie o' good nappie,
Your spirits to sustain.

Since every year that we have seen
Hath quietly slipp'd awa' ;
I whiles think there more ill have been,
Than though we should huzza.

Let's stand and command,
Some one to take the lead ;
Bravely done, what noble fun,
No ignorance more plead.

And since that we have stay'd so lang,
There might be little harm,
Although that we should have a sang,
We 'll naebody alarm.

Now some o' you that can sing best,
 I pray, Sirs, need nae prigging ;
 Or ye 'll discourage a' the rest,
 They 'll think you 've been intriguing.

We unto you my friend resort,
 Gie 's something handsome, neat, and short.

Silence now, and let us hear,
 The bard himself is to appear.

SONG—BY THE BARD.

Air—Braes of Balquhidder,

Now since it is your wish
 That I should make beginning,
 I fear they 'll be a push,
 'Twill set the house a-thinning.
 Only wait a wee,
 I shall not long continue ;
 I 'm happy you to see,
 And hope you 'll a' forgie me.
 Although I canna sing,
 Yet I may tell a story,
 How time keeps on the wing,
 Till age has made him hoary.
 Last year he slipp'd away,
 And left us here behind him ;
 That look which way we may,
 Again we canna find him.

Another year 's begun,
 Then let us all be cheery,
 And welcome in the sun,
 Before that we grow weary.
 But still let us improve
 Each moment as it passes,
 And drink to our true love,
 And a' the bonny lasses.
 And when that we depart,
 To all it will give pleasure,
 To have a cheerful heart,
 By keeping within measure.

Then let us all depart in peace,
 Still happy for to meet again ;
 For soon the year will run its race,
 Though we our end should ne'er obtain.

A SONG.

Air—Begone dull care.

Time slips away, swift over his course doth run,
 Time slips away, there 's no way him we can shun;
 He will not pause in his career,
 Still follows up his plan ;
 He ne'er delay'd, nor gave a cheer
 Since e'er he first began.
 Time slips away, &c.

Then let us still keep equal pace,
Not linger and grow dull ;
And every thing despise that's base,
As onward we do pull.
Time slips away, &c.

For though that time has tarried long,
His race he yet will run ;
Then let us cheer him wi' a song,
And welcome make the sun.
Time slips away, &c.

In harmony still let us spend
What time we have to spare,
For well we know he will us end,
Howe'er we may take care.
Time slips away, &c.

How foolish then 'tis to repine,
And fretfully to chide ;
Let us improve the present time
While here allowed to bide.

Time slips away, swift over his course doth run,
Time slips away, there's no way him we can shun.

JUVENILE PIECE—LINES ON A RELIGIOUS QUACK.

A quack who pretends to be wit,
With dull heavy puns without sense,
Thinks on the right string he has hit,
If religion he makes the pretence.
This quack by the look of your face,
Will know to what class ye belong ;
And settle the point about grace,
As freely as you 'd give a song.
He fumbles away without brains,
His actions that do discover ;
To cultivate would take more pains
Than doubly to make such another.
Some call him a wise man indeed ;
Some call him religiously mad ;
Some say he 's sore plagued with greed,
For religion he never had.

A FRAGMENT.

'There 's a place of resort
Whare mae gae for sport
Than gaes to be cur'd o' disease ;
It less makes the matter,
Though they 're little better,
Complying wi' the whim we them please.

My wife to be sure
Expected a cure,
And wished the waters to try ;
I knew it indeed
That she stood in need,
So with her request did comply.

Suffice it to say,
When she went away,
The family went wi' her *incog.* ;
On their health being bent,
The whole off I sent,
(Not even excepting my dog.)

But when she was gone,
Alas I found home
Divested of social enjoyment ;
My wee anes sae queer,
Nae mair in a steer
In finding me out new employment.

But day after day
Time slipped away,
Till Phœbus nine circuits had run ;
While my wee anes and wife,
The joy o' my life,
At the waters were ducking for fun.

A friend I respected,
With whom I'm connected,

Whase dearie and mine went the-
He often lamented, [gither ;
And was discontented,
Because that he coudna get thither.

Hard fate ! he would say,
Why took ye 'er away,

The joy and comfort o' my life ;
Though I took a drappie,
We always liv'd happy,
It never did breed any strife.

Whole nights when alone
He of her did dream,

And thought that her youth was re-
But when he awake [turning ;
He found his mistake,
Which only increased his mourning.

Though natur'lly cheerie,
The want o' his dearie

His mind did greatly perplex ;
He often would say,
Haste, I must away,
For every thing does me vex.

Here's love without cloy,
Time cannot destroy,

It's built upon motives so pure ;
In age as it grows,
The blossom still blows,
E'en death itself will 't not cure.

Such dignified bliss
They often do miss,

Whose coffers wi' thousands are cramm'd;
The life o' a rake
They're loath to forsake,
Though for it they're sure to be d—d.

As my friend still doth mourn,
I here do return

Before I get matters arranged ;
We both were inclin'd,
And made up our mind
To go—yet somehow we changed.

A SONG TO THE MEMORY OF ALLAN RAMSAY.

Air—Blythe was she but and ben.

Sweetly, **ALLAN**, could you trace
Nature which you lov'd so dear ;
And as you saw her change her face,
How you her beauties made appear.

The spring it gave your heart delight,
When the gowans began to blow ;
Your fancy ravish'd at the sight,
And all your spirits warmly glow.

The daisie and the daffodil
Soon begin to shew their pride ;
And all the flowers in glen or hill,
Then their beauties will not hide.

Summer nature's works disclose,
Whate'er is pleasant wi' a smile ;
In you her secrets did repose,
And you her trust did ne'er beguile.

She nothing keeped from your view,
Of all the treasure she possess'd ;
And none her amours better knew,
Nor yet by her was more caress'd.

Delightfully how you she dandl'd,
And to you much kindness show'd ;
And her you delicately handl'd,
For the favors she bestow'd.

Sweetly how ye tun'd the lyre
Most gracefully wi' art and skill ;
The coldest heart you set on fire,
And mankind all gain'd their good will.

A SONG—THE BEAUTIES OF PERTH.

Air—Blythe was she but and ben.

Perth it is a lovely place,
There's few like it for to be seen ;
How your nerves it doth up brace,
When walking on its northern green.

Searee in nature ye will find,
Look all her works attentive through,
Such elegance with grace combin'd,
Nor yet such a delightful view.

Tay its beauty there displays,
Most gracefully with taste indeed ;
Its lovely banks you doth amaze,
As up to Scoone ye do proceed.

Whatever way ye turn your eye,
Still beauty meets you in the face ;
None who've seen't could e'er deny
But Perth's a most delightful place.

Fancy it would quite beguile,
You'd think yourself in Fairyland ;
Nature round so sweet doth smile,
When on its bridge you take a stand.

The view from thence would quite surprise,
You'd scarce believe your ain twa een ;
Fancy it would so entice,
All other views you'd think but mean.

Hills and dales are so improv'd,
And all that comes within your view ;
Art somehow it hath behov'd
To turn up nature all anew.

A SONG—THE BEAUTIES OF TAY.

Tay ! thy beauties are delightful,
As on thy banks we walk along ;
Though at times you may look frightful,
Thy anger ne'er continues long.

Sweet along the banks you glide,
Yet never do yourself demean ;
You still retain your ancient pride,
None your beauties dare to screen.

You from your bosom do supply
Where'er the country stands in need ;
A favor you do ne'er deny,
If your streams they can but lead.

Thy properties none can excel,
 No language could you justice do ;
 Thy praise and beauties all to tell,
 My morning task would still renew.

You oft me carried have with pleasure,
 Seldom e'er did me deny ;
 And also fed me wi' your treasure,
 Besides a drink when I was dry.

You lovely and delightful river,
 I to you must bid adieu ;
 Thy beauties I forget will never,
 Still I love you in my view.

RECOLLECTIONS.

CANTO, I.

In ages remote, when tyranny sway'd,
 Nations implicitly rulers obeyed ;
 Being ignorant then of what was their right,
 Were often times easy put into fright.
 The rulers applied with seeming good zeal,
 Such arts as they found but seldom to fail ;
 Religion it often was made the pretence,
 And handled as even to fright men of sense.

The better to keep the nation enslav'd,
Obedience without condition was crav'd ;
The business of subjects it was to obey
Whatever an ignorant ruler might say.
The people o'er them then had no control,
And every absurdity they had to thole ;
In ruling them they had often such awe,
That whate'er they said was counted a law.
And over them they did so much prevail,
Corruption itself was put up to sale ;
The very ascendancy that they had got,
They had the baseness to sell off by lot.
What ought to 've been counted a shame and
disgrace,
By them was grasped as being such a place,
As they had a right to dispose of at pleasure,
And them or their friends to pocket the trea-
These were the times of darkness itself, [sure.
When little was known but pocketting pelf ;
Corruption in every shape did appear,
And in ev'ry form its hideous front rear.
When once they got in, there they did remain,
And from venality ne'er could abstain ;
The very foul air there so did them taint,
That whate'er was promis'd before they in went,
It was never more so much as thought on,
If once they had virtue—now it was gone.
When once they got in, and fairly begun,
Their places were handed from father to son.

The people had nothing to do but obey,
Not one single word in the choice had they,
What strange sort of way this was of ruling,
Less in our time has often bred duelling;
But then they did rule whate'er way they pleas'd,
Not like our rulers the burdens who 've eas'd;
They know their duty, and do it complete,
And to the ruled are more than discreet.
O what a blessing such days now are past,
What glorious times are come at the last;
We live in days when all things are thriving,
And all at corruption are tugging and riving,
To pull it down, each one in his station,
For having so long disgraced the nation;
Now at it we'll keep, I would not wonder,
Till both limb and lithe are torn asunder.

CANTO II.

Now our elections are so very pure,
That of honest men we always are sure;
What would they now think to see self-election,
And the best of the citizens meet with rejection.
With pure honest zeal now how they would burn,
And every sycophant from them they'd spurn;
Whatever was done then in former times,
With our zealous rulers would now be call'd
crimes.
In days that are gone, when once into place,
To find out their crimes you them durst not trace;

By getting the power without your control,
Then do what you pleas'd you had it to thole.
When once they got in, 'twas well understood,
They studied their own more than public good ;
So long as the junta happen'd to agree,
Among them a strange face there was seldom to
That is the account we have on records, [see.
When that they did rule and made themselves
That whatever place they happen'd to fill, [lords;
Though two at a time yet they took their will ;
For all public matters they then did command,
Though never so wrong none could them with-
But rulers being now so fairly elected, [stand:
Are by the electors far better respected ;
Zealous, intelligent, enlighten'd men,
That every thing venal do highly disdain.
Justice administers pure as a river,
Blest be the makers, as well as the giver,
Which shows what free election can do,
What blessing it is to the country all through :
That every one now can 'most comprehend,
If his business be fair, how it 's likely to end.
But in former times they often did wink,
And seldom would give you an answer distinct ;
For then they were all just much of a piece,
Whenever they handled they sure were to fleece.
The poor from their sentence then had no appeal,
Whoever they spoke to, laugh'd at their tale ;
In days like these how very short sighted;
The like in our time could easy be righted.

CANTO III.

There's none now can births incompatible hold,
Nor yet for to try it there's few are so bold,
For well do they know it could not be hush'd,
Corruption like that is now easily crush'd,
Besides what a figure they would have to make,
Their friends and acquaintance would them all
forsake ;

Whate'er might been done in days that are gone,
Among us such errors as these are unknown.

Philosophy now enlightens the mind,
And venal corruption it leaves far behind ;
There's scarce any now himself would disgrace,
On terms like these to hold any place.

It sure much pleasure unto me doth give,
In an age like this that I happen'd to live,
Where merit is sure to meet its reward,
Without interruption from family regard.
Our rulers are now so pure and correct,
'Tis only for merit they would you elect ;
That even their friends they'll easy pass by,
No favor they'll grant till merit they try.
Love of their country has so taken hold
Of their pure honest minds more even than gold :
How diff'rent indeed from days that are past,
Unto perfection arriving we're fast.

In Burgh Towns how the system is chang'd,
If ought is done wrong they can be arraign'd ;

No petulant tricks they now will allow,
Which from the old system so sprang up and
A vigilant eye keeps on every place, [grew.
In no shape corruption dare now shew its face ;
How loving and happy they all do agree,
At times when they meet each other to see.
The revenue public they ne'er think to spend,
Nor to corruption their aid ever lend ;
Quite incorruptible in every place,
Which in ancient times was far from the case.
What they did then was kept out of sight,
Unless in effect scarce knew wrong from right ;
But such is the purity now in our land,
Much good may it do, and lang may it stand.
Our rulers of old were oft a disgrace,
But now we've got men we easy can trace, }
That from every hole corruption doth chase. }
The like o' the old we trust ne'er will return,
Or soon the people would cause have to mourn ;
Both the high and the low in every degree,
The happy effects do both feel and see.
A comfort it is in our land now to dwell,
And we pleasant stories our children can tell ;
How that corruption in every station,
Is banish'd and fled from our happy nation.
Taxes were easing, debt was decreasing,
No man his neighbour was seen now distressing ;
And fine golden days had arrived at length,
Britons recruiting and gathering their strength ;

O happy, my country, lang may you be !
And plenty with peace continue to see ;
Until that old time hath got his race run,
May you be the happiest still under the sun ;
And from wars intestine always kept free,
And still keep command of both land and sea :
And always govern'd by some happy race,
The line of the present, or as good in place ;
Always respected at home and abroad,
Happy such people, if serving their God.

17

FRAGMENT FROM AN OLD CHRONICLE.

A man there once liv'd, but 'twas long time ago,
Which by an old Chronicle I came to know ;
It had the misfortune to be tatter'd and torn,
Which prevented me knowing the time he was
Or what Countryman he happen'd to be, [born ;
As nothing is said of his pedigree :
But it would appear he held some situation,
And unto many he prov'd a vexation.
(O what a contrast to our happy times,
There's none now a-days that dare commit crimes)
Without saying a word then of preface more,
We shall begin close by where it's tore.
Materials in plenty I first do observe,
The next is the poor he tri'd how to starve :

But what follows on I scarce yet can read,
I'll try 't wi' my glass, I fain would proceed :
Now do I think I will it comprehend,
And get it read fair, perhaps to the end.
It says that we cannot be wrong where to stand,
(Pray was he possess'd, do you think, of land ?)
His conduct alas ! it was well understood,
Inclined to evil, but nothing to good.
To blame him of principle none e'er did pretend,
The reason is plain, he never would mend, }
But continued a scourge always to the end. }
Now 'tis getting clearer, I'll nicely get on,
Ne'er for his villany he did atone.
Of running down prey he had a good knack,
And follow'd the game when otherwise slack ;
But if he of feelings was ever possess'd,
He never had sympathy for the distress'd ;
When poor unfortunates came in his way,
Then plunder he did and make them his prey.
Wherever he went the game he ran down,
No pity had he on the country or town ;
And whiles though he shew'd a specious pretence,
His system was plunder, his villany immense.
Whatever objects he chanc'd to pursue,
To pocket their pelf he still kept in view ;
To trap and kidnap for sake of the gain,
(Strange must we think, that he ne'er did refrain)
His minions and he so scoured the ground,
Till terror they spread on the whole country round.

Who would not submit and satisfy greed,
To work they instantly then did proceed ;
And fair means or foul, the same were to them.
(They certainly had been strange sort of men
Who plunder'd and sold quite off at sight,) I fear they but seldom were in the right ;
And if courage had any to apply for redress,
He often gave orders them more to distress ;
And because for such jobs his minions were paid,
His orders were strictly and more than obey'd.
There was one thing however he still kept in view,
His secrets to tell to only but few ;
The gain being unlawful and on it so bent,
For fear of discovery his friends only sent.
And even of them he sometimes made doubt,
And more than once they 've been known to fall
out ;
And when in a hurry get into a rage,
Here ends my Chronicle, it being the last page.

Blest days for Scotland none dare play such tricks,
At least in our time, or we would them fix ;
Situation and rank would them not protect,
If bound'ries to keep they chanc'd to neglect.
The rich and the poor by the law are proteeted,
And our rulers take care to make it respected ;
Although that the law do all over-reach,
Yet unto all ranks it equally doth stretch.
None with impunity on you now can trample,
Or of them the law would make an example ;

Such blessings on us our law so bestows,
There's none or the like that any where grows.
If we keep contented and still live at peace,
We'll be a most happy and dignified race ;
And may bid defiance to the world though com-
bin'd,
The happiest on which the sun ever shin'd.

LINES ON EDINBURGH, 1824.

Edina now is fast extending
In greatness and in glory too ;
Of building there appears no ending
All around within my view.
In taste it vastly is improving,
Look whatever way you may,
You'd think the world all was moving,
And into it had come to stay.
It's grandeur if you wish to see,
Step up unto the Calton Hill ;
And there you'll have a view that's free,
And wi' astonishment you fill.
If Princes' Street you look along,
You'd be amazed at the sight ;
To see such a surprising throng,
And every one the course keep right.
Whatever way ye turn your eye,
The sight is wond'rous to behold ;

At night its lights illume the sky,
 And looks as 'twere transparent gold.
 Which way soe'er ye take your view,
 The sight surpasses ought you 've seen ;
 And still your wonder does renew,
 And makes ye doubt your ain twa een.
 Edina's swelling on each side,
 E'en faster than I can express ;
 And towering high in modern pride,
 So elegant it doth out-dress.
 Its equal is not to be found
 In Briton's Isle, nor Europe o'er ;
 And though you search the world around,
 Edina still would highest soar.

THE BEAUTIES OF FINGASK, A SONG.

Fingask is a lovely place,
 Delightful views are from it seen ;
 And from its heights doth all embrace
 Whate'er can charm or please the een.

Nature had been very kind
 At first e'er she created man ;
 All other things she left behind,
 Before she drew out Fingask plan.

And now by art it is improv'd,
Wi' elegance and taste laid out;
Whate'er offensive is remov'd,
Or shelter'd neatly in about.

Nature still is not ashame'd,
And fondly claims a helping hand;
For every thing that can be nam'd,
Abundance she gives at command.

Beautiful in elevation,
Yet not exulting high in pride;
Its neighbours it may gie vexation,
That they its beauties cannot hide.

The lovely fair it might offend,
Were I so much as them to name;
Their virtue them does recommend,
Where'er they go as well's at hame.

I nothing add could to their praise,
All I could say would far come short;
May happiness, blest wi' long days,
And all that's good be their support.

AN ADDRESS OR SONG TO THE MEMORY OF
SIR WILLIAM WALLACE.

All the Patriots we have seen,
Or that is upon record ;
Wallace's like has never been,
When Protector he was Lord.

His country into faction torn,
To Edward many did submit ;
He the ignoble yoke did scorn,
And soon made him his country quit.

His whole ambition was to save
His country which he lo'ed so dear ;
He thrice to it deliv'rancee gave,
No southern foe durst it come near.

No abject end he had in view,
His country's good was all his aim ;
A heart there never was more true,
Its independence to maintain.

Wisdom he combin'd wi' strength,
And prudence mingl'd wi' his zeal ;
His plans he laid so till at length
He o'er his en'mies did prevail.

Monteith, the base, the traitor vile,
Who to him gossip thrice had been,
The bravest patriot did beguile,
That Scotia yet has ever seen.

AN ADDRESS OR SONG TO THE MEMORY OF BURNS.

O BURNS ! who could sing like thee ?
Of you the like we 'll never see,
Or it a wonder sure would be ;
 The greatest in the nation.
O how nice ye struck the lyre,
For yours was true and genuine fire,
And seldom e'er that ye did tire ;
 Unless whiles through vexation.

To you the muse prov'd very kind,
Ye left all other bards behind,
Scarce one of them could e'er you find, —
 Not one out of a hunder :
Nature pure you did pursue,
And she to you was kind and true,
And formed you when at the plew,
 Which mankind made to wonder.

Sweet and pleasant ye did sing,
When once the muse did clap her wing,
The hills and valleys made to ring,

Melodious and fu' sweetly :

Yours was wonder working art,
It ravish'd and cheer'd up the heart,
With you we never wish'd to part,
Our feelings gain'd completely.

All the bards that yet hae tried,
Like you us ne'er so gratified,
Nor yet our time so occupied,

At hame when at our leisure :

Your fancy how it soar'd on high,
Not one to you has yet come nigh,
Though many one do daily try,

That scarce know what is measure.

Yours was sterling manly sense,
While many's only mere pretence,
With them we easy could dispense,

For they do ne'er amuse us :

Yet they fain would make a show,
Though they can neither plew nor sow,
If that the muse did e'er them know,

They wadna so abuse us.

Your descriptions were so true,
Mankind well you did see through,
Your imag'ry from nature drew,

As just as e'er was taken :

How your works I do admire,
They are so full of wit and fire,
To read them scarcely e'er would tire ;
They 'll never be forsaken.

To thy fate I must submit,
For death his right doth never quit,
And though at leisure here I sit,

Like thee I've oft been teased.

Long have you now lain in your urn,
Sweet Scotia for thee deep did mourn,
To her again ye 'll ne'er return,

Howe'er she might be pleased.

To thy manes I'll bid adieu,
Thy spirit upward long since flew,
And for thy failings I'll allow

You was so kind good-hearted.

To thy manes, &c.

A SONG ON THE PRESS.

Ignorance is tyrants' game,
It suits their genius to a tee ;
They wish that all the sons of men,
The light of truth may never see.

How it galls their wicked hearts,
When knowledge first begins to dawn ;
It wounds them as wi' thousand darts,
When men their vice begin to scan.

They think their rights are all divine,
To rule the world as they please ;
But soon's the light of truth does shine,
It spurs them off their beds o' ease.

Their flatterers them may well caress,
And priests their conscience try to heal ;
But thanks to a *free printing press*,
Makes truth o'er error to prevail.

Despotic tyrants well may gnaw,
And mandates spread on every hand ;
The *press* will them still overawe,
And banish darkness from the land.

Then let us still support the rights,
Which Britons chiefly do enjoy ;
And through the press diffuse such lights
As ignoran e will quite destroy.

LINES ON THE BURNING OF A CABINET-MAKER'S SHOP
IN CUPAR, 15th JANUARY, 1824.

O ! if my fancy could but draw,
And pourtray what I last night saw,
'Twas awful and sublime !
I thought it was the conflagration
Come here to visit this our nation,
So brightly did it shine.

And then the warning that was given,
You'd thought the earth and air would riven,
Terrific and alarming !
That at a distance where 'twas seen,
Not knowing what it right did mean,
No doubt the sight was charming.

As near unto it I did draw,
It struck my mind with solemn awe,
The ravage it was making ;
It threaten'd all within its reach,
To enter every open breach,
The measures it was taking.

Sometimes the meteors flew so high,
Their brightness did illume the sky,
 So clearly they were shining ;
The elements striv'd for dominion,
But being divided in opinion,
 They never thought combining.

Unless at times the wind and fire
Against the water did conspire,
 The wind last night behaved ;
And seldom ever its breath drew,
The fire to strengthen and renew,
 Much toil and trouble saved.

But how it did strike with alarm,
Even those to whom it did no harm,
 Their fate being undecided ;
After thinking it was smother'd,
Its strength again it oft recover'd,
 But all was wisely guided.

Of smoke and fire such columns rose,
As did my mind quite discompose,
 And made me look amaz'd ;
It did my senses so confound,
That when I looked all around,
 I nought could do but gaz'd.

But who were fated to live near,
Were put into a fearful steer,
 And terribly affrighted ;
And, struck with sudden great surprise,
Their feelings could not well disguise,
 But yet could not be righted.

And to their fate had to submit,
Could neither rightly flee nor sit,
 Scarce knew how to behave ;
Tremendously it still did burn,
Made some to weep and others mourn,
 Who nothing thought to save.

So after burning long and fierce,
Some neighbour windows it did pierce,
 The shock now it was dreadful ;
And threw them into such a state,
Without a moment to debate,
 Nor how to save the needful.

But after it thus warning gave,
Their lives was all they thought to save,
 No time had they for thinking ;
When to appearance all was lost,
The fire at last gave up its boast,
 So long been water drinking.

Its strength now rapidly declin'd,
And by and by was got confin'd,
 And its power from it taken ;
But not before doing great mischief,
Far more than any rogue or thief,
 Or else I'm much mistaken.

The man to whom the work belong'd,
By it I fear will much be wrong'd,
 Though he in part be eur'd ;
But yet the lads who 've lost their all,
Upon the public have a call,
 As they have nought insur'd.

Sure Cupar now will see its need,
And instantly I hope proceed,
 An Engine right prepare ;
Thus t' improve its present error,
No more to be put in such terror,
 In future then beware.

How cautious every one should be,
That he the like may never see,
 Nor danger such to face ;
It was a most alarming sight,
To many one gave such a fright,
 Ne'er like got in the place.

But though the danger now be past,
(For terror does not always last.)

Yet Cupar don't neglect,
And never think yourself secure,
Without a right sufficient cure,
Us safely to protect.

For every one must see the danger,
Especially if he 's a stranger,
And views the world aright ;
That as a Town we 've need of mending,
And to our police more attending,
He 'll see at the first sight.

Our rulers they did well behave,
And every thing they tried to save,
But yet they wanted means ;
And could not act with that decision,
As if provided with provision,
Right safely how to screen 's.

FATHERLY CHASTISEMENT.

God from his glorious throne in heaven
Did downward cast his eye,
And mankind found defil'd with guilt,
When he their works did try.

Not one of them did seek aright
True knowledge for to know ;
They worshipped the god of lust,
And after him did go.

Their inclination was corrupt,
Their taste exceeding vile ;
Their father's God they had forgot,
Sin them did so beguile.

Th' Almighty then did hide his face,
His countenance withdrew ;
And gave them up to be a prey
To those they never knew.

Their punishment was oft severe,
Them wisdom for to teach ;
For nothing less the end would serve,
And true conviction reach.

When once they were convinc'd aright,
How they did mourn and cry ;
Jehovah then did lend an ear,
And unto them came nigh.

His promise now he brought to mind,
Them he would ne'er forsake ;
In mercy he made them return,
E'en for his own name's sake.

And planted them in their own land,
The heathen he out drove ;
Though for a time he them forsook,
He mighty is to save.

And will not cast forever off
Those who on him depend ;
And he their trials will sanctify,
And all their wants attend.

Though tribulation be the lot
Of those who God do fear ;
Their names engraven on his breast,
They 're his peculiar care.

Not one of them will he forsake,
However here chas'tis'd ;
Their glorious Almighty Head
Was by all men despis'd.

So if they fare as well 's their Lord,
They 've no right to complain ;
Him all the heavenly host obey
For evermore, Amen.

MORNING SONG.

Extol him all ye heavenly host,
Who left his throne on high ;
And all his glory laid aside,
The law to magnify.

From all eternity his thoughts
Were fix'd on fallen man ;
As time its ages rolled on,
He executes the plan.

The love of God no bounds can trace,
'Tis past all comprehension ;
The angels well may stand amaz'd,
The scheme but for to mention.

The heavenly choir all stood mute,
Not one e'er did pretend ;
Until that God's eternal Son,
Himself did recommend.

I cheerfully do undertake,
Thy will for to obey ;
My life for them I will lay down,
It will their ransom pay.

Man's nature first I will put on,
My godhead I'll demean ;
The law shall have its full demand,
The sinner for to screen.

His promises he did fulfil,
How wonderful complete ;
Now all the jarring attributes,
Harmonious in him meet.

Well may the saints of God rejoice,
And loud hosannas sing,
To him who was the Father's choice,
And did salvation bring.

The sinner now is call'd to lay
Self-righteousness aside,
And to put on the glorious robe
His Lord did him provide.



A PARAPHRASE ON THE X. CHAP. OF JOB.

My life 's grown weary of my soul,
Upon myself is my complaint ;
Me every way thou dost control,
My soul on bitterness is bent.
Condemn me not, to God I'll say,
And shew me why thou dost contend ;

Or is it good thee to obey,
As I cannot myself defend.
O wherefore dost thou thus oppress
The workmanship of thine own hands ;
And doth the wicked so caress,
That in their death they have no bands.
Of flesh thine eyes, are they like man's,
Or seest thou as man doth do ;
Or are thy days made up of spans,
Or is time to thee ever new ?
Iniquity dost thou enquire,
And searchest after all my sin ?
That I'm not wicked by desire,
Being purified by thee within.
I fashioned was by thine own hands,
Yet me again thou dost destroy ;
If I obey all thy commands,
Wilt thou no longer me annoy ?
Or still wilt thou to dust me bring,
Because that I of clay was made ;
For thou like cheese did me out-wring,
And then I had no power to plead.
My flesh with skin thou clothed hast,
With bones and sinews fenc'd me in ;
O make thy visitation last,
My spirit to preserve from sin.
These things thou in thine heart hast hid,
I know that all such is with thee ;
Then if I sin thou wilt forbid
To free me from iniquity.

But wicked if I be, then woe
Shall be the fate will me attend ;
And though I righteous on do go,
Yet mine affliction will not end.
Like as a lion thou huntest me,
And marvellous thyself dost show ;
Still witnesses renewed be,
As if that thou didst not me know.
Out of the womb why broughtst me forth,
The ghost why mad'st me not give up ?
Then thou hadst never known my worth,
Nor mad'st me drink of sorrow's cup.
Why to the grave with days but few
Was I not made with speed to go ?
A little comfort to renew,
But no such kindness thou dost show.
Darkness shadows all the land,
Where I at death must make abode ;
All order then is at a stand,
And none return that e'er it trode.

A PARAPHRASE ON THE XXIII. CHAP. OF JOB.

Then answer'd Job and thus did say,
How bitter 's my complaint to-day ;
The stroke so heavy makes me groan,
'Tis heavier far than is my moan.

Him where to find, if I but knew,
E'en to his seat would him pursue ;
With arguments my mouth I'd fill,
My cause would order with good will.
His words of answer I would know,
And likewise what's said me unto ;
Against me if he plead with power,
He strengthen me will in that hour.
Dispute with him the righteous might,
And me deliver from his sight.
I forward go but he's not there,
And backward can him see no where.
On the left cannot him see,
And on the right he hides from me ;
He knows the way that I do take,
Though tried as gold I'll not inlake :
My steps I've still kept in his way,
It ne'er declin'd by going astray.
His lips' command esteemed good,
Much more than what I did my food ;
His mind to turn there's none can do,
His soul's desire doth still pursue.
The thing performes appointed me,
For with him many such things be ;
His presence doth such trouble give,
That I'm afraid almost to live.
Though that my heart God maketh soft,
Th' Almighty me doth trouble oft ;
From darkness he did not me hide,
Nor made me out of darkness bide.

A PARAPHRASE ON THE XL. CHAP. OF ISAIAH.

PART I.

My people comfort saith the Lord,
Thus let Jerusalem know ;
Accomplish'd that her warfare is,
In triumph o'er her foe.
And from the Lord she double hath,
For all her sins receiv'd ;
Iniquity he hath forgiven,
Before that she it crav'd.
In wilderness a voice doth cry,
A way the Lord prepare ;
In desart let it straight be made,
Our God to meet with there.
Each valley shall exalted be,
The mountains be laid low ;
And straight the crooked shall be made,
The rough scarce then will know.
The glory of the Lord reveal'd,
All flesh be made to see ;
The Lord's mouth he it spoken hath,
Accomplish'd it shall be.
What shall I cry ? a voice did say,
All flesh doth fade as grass ;
Like flower in field it is consum'd,
Continual as we pass.
The grass doth wither, flowers decay,
When blown on by the Lord ;

Remain doth nothing here below,
Unless his righteous word.
Zion good tidings who did bring,
Get up to mountains high ;
Jerusalem with all thy strength,
To follow her draw nigh.
Be not afraid thyself to show,
Your God for to behold ;
He Judah's cities will make glad,
And all of one accord.
The arms of the Lord shall rule,
With strong hand cometh he ;
And plenteously he will reward
All who his servants be.
And like a Shepherd he will feed
His flock that are with young ;
Lambs gently in his bosom carry,
Until that they grow strong.

PART II.

Who in the hollow of his hand,
The waters out did measure ;
And at a span the heavens take,
With their peculiar treasure ?
Earth's dust who all did comprehend,
The hills in balance weigh ;
The mountains as in scales did take,
None his word disobey ?

His spirit who did it direct
As counsellor or guide ?
Or who in judgment's path God taught,
Or knowledge him provide ?
Who understanding's way did show
To him who nations all,
As in a bucket taketh up,
Like dust of earth that's small ?
The Isles as nothing he up-takes,
Yea Leb'non can't produce
Sufficiency of beasts and fuel,
For its Creator's use.
Before him nations all appear
As vanity and less ;
Are nothing counted him before ;
O wondrous to express !

PART III.

To whom then will ye liken God,
Compare to what will he ?
A graven image melted is,
Its equal made can be.
He that's impoverished so,
A tree doth choicer take ;
That will not rot, then cunningly
An image he doth make.

Have ye not heard nor yet been told,
Or have ye come to know
How earth's foundations have been laid,
And how the worlds go ?
Upon earth's circle he doth sit,
Who doth the nations guide ;
As grasshoppers they do appear,
All who on it reside.
He as a curtain stretcheth out,
Or tent which nought befel ;
The heavens, though the bless'd abode
Wherein the righteous dwell.
The princes he to nothing brings,
Earth's judges vanity ;
Not sown, nor planted shall they be,
But wither shall and dry.
They in the earth no root shall take,
He blow upon them shall ;
The wind them cleanly off shall sweep,
Complete shall be their fall.

PART IV.

To whom then will ye liken me,
The Holy One did say ;
Yea shall e'er equall'd with me be
That which is made of clay.

On high lift up your eyes and see
Who these things did create ;
His host by number who brings forth,
And on his orders wait.
Not one of them doth ever fail
His messages to go ;
He by his power doth them uphold,
And they his orders know.
O Jacob what is this thou sayest,
Why speakest Israel vain ;
That hid my ways are from the Lord,
His judgments don't maintain.
Hast thou never heard nor known
The everlasting God ;
The heaven and earth who did create,
Where makes he his abode ?
He fainteth not nor weary is,
Who can his thoughts divine ;
Infinite in his works is he,
And goodness all sublime.
Unto the faint he power doth give,
The weak with strength supply ;
His wearied lambs he 'll not forsake,
But will attend their cry.
Although the youths may faintish be,
And young men also fall ;
Who wait upon the Lord aright,
Shall be like cedars tall.

Their faculties shall be renew'd,
No cause have to repine ;
They as on eagle's wings shall fly
Unto their Lord divine.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS.

In the braes of Gowrie my first breath I drew,
Early impressions I'm fond to renew ;
They were so deep every hillock I know,
Unto them yet I could easily go.
Still every place I mind very well,
And where this and that unto me befel ;
Delightful the hills were once unto me,
The lambs when at play went often to see.
The sheep I have followed all the day through,
And the next morning my toil did renew ;
The landscape my faney did so engage,
My mother sometimes my fate did presage.
Still I delighted to run on the hills,
Whiles among sheep, and whiles water mills ;
Nature my mind had now so decoyed,
That every new sight me quite overjoyed.
So soon as the day began first to peep,
Often I've started and off to the sheep ;
And whiles at my leisure sketch'd out a plan,
How to behave when I grew to man.

But vain was the wish, I little did know
The toils and hardships I must undergo ;
Before I arriv'd, or rather been toss'd,
At man's estate, O how I've been cross'd !
Difficulties then I little of knew
(They only began as forward I grew),
Delectable days—how pleasant they pass'd,
O what a pity they went off so fast !
When I ran after and follow'd the sheep,
At night into bed I soundly did sleep ;
Nothing then troubl'd nor hurt my repose,
In health wi' the sun I early arose ;
And hasten'd away again to my play,
The dictates of nature so fond to obey !
Over the hills I loll'd at my ease,
And whiles got my licks for tearing my claes.
My views were confin'd, I little else knew,
Save only what trifles came into my view ;
But still my delight was nature to trace,
Being fond her to see so oft changing face.
The groves in the woods, O how they did ring,
Morning and evening while birds they did sing ;
The blackbird did whistle, the dove it did coo,
The goldfinch and linnet the tune did renew.
The piot and jack-daw whiles join'd the core,
And sometimes the hawk did raise up a splore ;
But corbies and crows they join'd in alliance,
And all other birds syne put to defiance.
Our band then was pleasant and all did agree,
And whistled awa' ilk on its ain tree ;

Harmony still continued and grew,
And to appearance they well other knew.
The hawk at a time when he show'd his face,
The allies combin'd and soon gave him chase ;
Being swift o' the wing he often flew high,
And then wi' disdain them all did defy ;
No band yet I 've seen wi' them could compare, }
Though drill'd and bred up wi' greatest o' care, }
They sang from nature and most rent the air. }

THE PLACE OF MY NATIVITY.

When the place passing to me which gave birth,
Scene first of my joy, and first of my mirth ;
How pensive my heart began then to throb,
When the scenes viewing where oft I had trode.
Fancy to please often I look'd about,
Rested a while and my pencil took out ;
My eyes every object did so pursue,
That scenes of my youth rush'd fast into view ;
Which me troubled sore, perplexing my mind,
My thoughts where to fix no place I could find.
The same very group whiles thought that I saw,
In days of my youth to which I gave law ;
But when that about me I looked around,
Of them not a trace there now could be found, }
Nothing remain'd unless just the ground. }

What thoughtful melancholy this did renew,
And in confusion my wanderings all threw ;
Yet still by the hills I well knew the place,
In days of my youth where the lambs I did chase.
Perceiv'd did I now, I saw what was true,
That absent though long, still the place well I
knew ;
Cheering the thought it my mind so beguil'd,
And made me to wish I again was a child ;
And that my dear friends had been where they
were,
That in their friendship again I might share.
Vain was the wish, past days ne'er return,
However we may for them weep and mourn ;
To my feelings often now vent I did give,
When recollecting who here once did live.
'Twas my parents dear, long was't their abode,
In peace here they liv'd, in virtue's path trode ;
And their likeness just how striking and true,
Imagination held up to my view.
Th' impression so strong when view'd where I'm
plac'd,
Their every footstep so easy being trac'd ;
Here every object laid claim to attention,
At present though few I only shall mention.
The hills so beautiful, the valleys so green,
Where oft I have wander'd in a fine summer e'en ;
However delighted me they did before,
What made them do so, alas is no more !

Though grandeur that's ancient they still do possess,

I'm sorry to see that they've never chang'd dress;
O nature, how kind! what noble erection
Tainted wi' so neglectful dejection.

Bare their sides are, so long been forgot,
Here and there likewise a hole's in their coat;
But cover'd were they and always kept green,
Their equal but seldom and rare would be seen.
If fortune e'er place you on their top to stand,
What beautiful views you then would command;
If nature but follow their owner would do,
And to what she's form'd would strickly be true.
First get them cover'd, then gently them touch,
Not too little here, nor yonder too much;
Then what delightful and fine situation,
The pride be of this or most any nation.
But objects still fresh appearing in view,
Which my attention along wi' them drew;
A Castle in ruins lying wholly neglected,
Seat long of a family 'twere highly respected.
But through time alas, and part o' neglect,
Reduced till now a despiseable wreck;
And nothing there's left to delight the eye,
Save this is a dove, and lo yon's a magpie.
Had there proper care been ta'en of its roof,
Of time yet itself might long have been proof;
Whate'er way I turn'd I new objects beheld,
And when them was viewing, my bosom how 't swell'd:

That ideas upon me came rushing so fast,
Connecting together both present and past.
Such alterations here had taken place,
No friend now I saw that I could embrace, }
Nor even so much as knew by the face ; }
For time's sweeping hand such havoc had made,
That all were remov'd and others in their stead ;
The cottage so humble wherein I was born,
Now lifeless appear'd and even forlorn.
The place though with pleasure I still lov'd to
My sorrow it only serv'd now to renew ; [view,
My worthy good sire who long in it dwelt,
How blest wi' happiness, peace, and content.
The frowns of the world he seldom e'er knew,
So that 's ambition it still upward flew ;
His family supported by 's industry and care,
And them instruct keenly what time he 'd to
spare ;
Inform'd few better were, or yet understood
(Though even obscure) what was his country's
good.
And all who him knew appeal I to them,
If he was not the most upright of men ;
Whate'er were his faults let others them scan,
But here is the motto—he was an honest good
man.

EPITAPH.

Near to this spot the dust doth lye
 Of both my worthy Parents dear.
If modest Virtue e'er come nigh
 Their ashes, o'er them drop a tear.
No titles did their names adorn,
 Humbly through life's vale they trode ;
The ways of vice did shun and scorn,
 Their hope and trust was in their God.

EPITAPH.

My lov'd and loving children dear,
My JAMES and HELEN both sleep here ;
Death—cruel death—of them made seizure
At once!—he took my dear, dear treasure.
So fond I us'd thiem to caress,
Their deaths did me the more distress ;
That them committing to the dust,
Oft providence I thought unjust.
But soon convinc'd was my mistake,
He only them did early take ;
In mercy from a world of strife,
Unto an endless happy life.

EPITAPH.

Angelic was the form of she
Who here lies mouldering in the dust ;
Than worlds dearer was to me,
In life she was my stay and trust.
But cruel death no pity had,
An early victim her did make ;
Which makes my feelings often sad
With grief in secret for her sake.
Still recollection sweet preserves
Her lovely image in my view ;
The sight, though pleasant, me unnerves,
And ay my sorrow doth renew.
Ah ! something whispers in my ear,
That shortly too I must submit ;
Entomb'd by her I shall not fear,
When death commands me life to quit.

EPITAPH ON J. C. ESQ.

Whose mind was lib'ral—his ideas clear—
His judgment sound—his censure not severe—
A friend of truth—a lover of mankind—
Of strict good principles, but unconfin'd.

He loved virtue—tyranny did hate,
 A friend of order, both in church and state, }
 Though oftentimes he did bewail their fate. }
 In 's youthful days his time he did improve,
 In search of truth which cometh from above, }
 Which all his lifetime he did dearly love. }
 Vice was an object of his detestation,
 Through Christ alone he hop'd for salvation.

LINES SENT TO A GENTLEMAN ON MY UNHAPPY STATE.

Ah luckless day ! a day of woe to me !
 The day this place I happen'd first to see ;
 Of friends bereav'd and all I once possess'd,
 The very thought deprives me oft o' rest.
 And now at last reduc'd in such a way,
 That here though willing can no longer stay, }
 And nothing left to carry me away.
 Since daily wants so hard upon me press,
 Feel ! O feel, and pity my distress, }
 And try if he 'll contented be wi' less ; }
 Such being the case I beg leave now to say
 The sooner the better I can get away.

Delaying and staying
 No more with me will do ;
 Trust then I must then
 My business unto you.

Being well understood
Your motives are good,
Then who so fit to be trusted ;
O do not deny,
But study and try
To get matters rightly adjusted.

REFLECTIONS.

To-day I went and took a turn,
And on my fate began to mourn ;
Comparing present times with past,
The odds to me appeared vast.

In former days all was cheery,
Scarcely e'er got time to weary ;
Had plenty always at command,
Scarce any thing could me withstand.

But now alas what is my case,
Appears too often in my face ;
For though I try to be content,
My heart is often like to rent.

But bygone times a good way back,
These were the days I ne'er was slack ;
My wife and family then about me,
And as for credit none could doubt me.

But now I 've neither ane nor ither,
Scarce even from my very brither ;
I 've neither wark nor yet a wife,
And as for money far from rife.

Then I had a' thing to my mind,
And to my neighbours always kind ;
My mind it then was quite at ease,
As none for money could me tease.

But mark my case just even now,
Whiles scarce a bit to fill my mou ;
Without a friend me to bemoan,
And as for drink it 's fairly gone.

Then gentlemen and ladies too,
I gave the fashions that were new ;
And daily got from them a ca',
As what I said was counted law.

But now it 's fallen to my lot,
To be neglected and forgot ;
And them who knew me well before,
Will scarcely enter now my door.

Then best into the land me knew,
With many one familiar grew ;
Who never thought it a disgrace,
To shew their kindness any place.

But loss of fortune 's a pretence
To think that I have lost my sense ;
And now because that I am poor,
They think I should their taunts endure.

Then I could spread as good a table
As any one o' them is able ;
And having plenty and to spare,
I often gave my friends a share.

But now reduc'd in such a way,
That few or none will me obey ;
And me rejects as far 's they can,
And thinks I 'm but a silly man.

Then every thing I said was right,
Approved of at the first sight ;
For what I said could execute,
Which caus'd them always to be mute.

But now I mean to face and turn,
For its in vain I find to mourn ;
And even step before the fools,
Who can do nothing but by rules.
Deprive them only o' their power,
Their intellects you 'd need to scour ;
Whatever may be their pretence,
They scarce can speak a word o' sense.

And if their credit were but gone,
Well might they then lament and moan ;
Them scarce a decent man would know,
Complete would be their overthrow.
And now although that they look high,
They soon would be much worse than I ;
Having no resource within themsel',
A mournfu' tale they soon would tell.
And even now for all their shine,
At eating roast beef drinking wine ;
How insignificant they 'd be,
Were they but just as poor as me.
I fear that grace would never catch them,
The like o' ——— could only match them ;
Yet how the douffies show awa',
As if they had a right by law.
Their empty heads and shinning purse,
Is gi'en them just by way of curse,
So that their follies they may nurse ; }
If poortith e'er come to their turn,
They 'll curse the day that they were born,
And no like good old father Job,
They 'll damn themsel', then curse their God.
Though now they go a buccaneering,
Disgustful wi' their taunts and jeering ;
When once they get the left hand turn,
They 'll find it then too late to mourn.
For here they never ask'd for grace,
Till they had nearly run their race ;

So after that they get their sentence,
'Twill be too late to ask repentance.
But when they 're gone how they may thrive
Will ne'er be known by one alive ;
But if they could be cleans'd wi' purging,
No matter what they get of scourging ;
For seldom they do mercy show,
And scarce a friend knows from a foe, }
Whate'er they get lets nothing go. }



FIRST ACQUAINTANCE WITH THE LAW.

It once somehow fell to my lot,
When I liv'd at a distant spot,
When going about collecting cash,
A man there was who did me fash.
And though the Law I ne'er inclin'd,
He led me till 't against my mind ;
Yet ne'er intended him to hurt,
Gave in his name, by way of sport,
To a man who seem'd so mild ,
As in simplicity a child ;
He said it sorely did him vex,
If any man he did perplex.
He spoke just like a very saint,
As favors he did often grant ;
And mention'd oft the poor and needy,
Thinks I what mercy ye 're no greedy :

You're such a man as will suit me,
And do your work for little fee ;
Withal so merciful inclin'd,
You're every way unto my mind.
I gave him orders what to do,
To write, but not the man pursue ;
He modestly to me replied
That he ay lenient measures tried,
And any job he took in hand,
His clients word was his command ;
And that he never did proceed,
Unless in case of urgent need.
And even then gave them a chance,
And took it as they could advance ;
I said there could be nothing better,
So put an end unto the matter.
But to my grief and great surprise,
He soon threw off the thin disguise ;
And wrote the man upon the morn,
Threatening an immediate horn.
He only a few days did want,
But not an hour he would him grant ;
The man I'd long indulg'd before,
He was ashamed to ask me more.
I ne'er knew what was going on,
Till all he had was roup'd and gone ;
Which vex'd me more than tongue can tell,
To think on what to him befel.
Unless expences, every plack
I now resolv'd to give him back ;

And for the purpose straight I went,
And for the man of business sent.
In he came, bowing wi' a smile,
And thought again me to beguile ;
But so display'd the cloven foot,
That short the matter I now cut ;
And him desir'd express to go,
And the whole unto me show.
He tried himself for to excuse,
The way he did the man so use ;
And as that he was throng just now,
He begg'd some other time might do.
I then demanded, half in anger,
If that he could not tarry longer ;
No more with me to try and shuffle,
Or he might soon my temper ruffle.
But all I said found would not do,
Until my threats I did renew :
He then began to quake and quiver,
But still as stubborn was as ever.
At length provok'd I took and shook him,
And violently I did rebuke him.
Now he show'd the harden'd villain,
And said that it took every shillin'
To pay expences and his fees ;
Wi' that I gave his nose a squeeze,
And threaten'd terribly to beat him,
Being sic a rascal I did hate him :
His hinder part then gave a kick,
And off I march'd him very quick.

This was the first job of the law,
The first to me I may it ca' ;
And when I think on what is past,
I wish I could have said the last.
But so it has not been my fate,
Experience told me this too late :
For who wi' them do often play,
I fear will rue the fatal day ;
They 're sic a set, if good forgie them,
Anither scarce will meddle wi' them.
For every one with whom they meddle,
They make him pay well for the fiddle ;
Some way or other they will catch him,
Then ten to one they 'll overmatch him.
They busk you up and tell a story,
But in your ruin they soon will glory.
The only way them right to handle,
Is, turn them o'er to Deil for scandal.
For blaming him for what they do,
Let them defend and him pursue ;
And in the time the Court is sitting,
Let him them fast up ay be nipping.
And elap them into purgatory,
That he may fairly hear their story ;
And put them all into such places,
Where they can see each other's faces.
There let them haggle a' thegither,
And scold and worry ane anither ;
If any signs be of repentance,
Be then the easier wi' their sentence.

Meantime make them to feel the lash,
For plundering folk out o' their cash ;
And as the poor they so oppress'd,
Still bring them farther to the test.
Gie them no drink though they require,
And toast them well before the fire ;
No matter how they scart and claw,
And ane anither whiles misca'.
Every day be sure and drill them,
And through the hottest corners wheel them ;
And so as nothing may miscarry,
Flog them well as long 's they tarry.
And give them no rest night nor day,
Your mandates strict make them obey :
And still them farther to disgrace,
Now and then give them a chase.
As others they no mercy gave,
Let them from thee but little have ;
For here they kept us starv'd and pining,
While they were drinking wine and dining.
Yet though they liv'd at such a pitch,
How the rogues thriv'd and grew rich.
Now let them feel the very worst,
Extreme of heat and whiles of frost ;
Until their sins they fairly purge,
Still keep them acting as your drudge.
Yet some exceptions ye may make,
And not them in a body take.
(Some decent men belong to tribe,
Though they their virtues oft do hide ;

Yet as they 're something well inclin'd,
Let them remain at hame behind.)
Take care they gie nae you the slip,
Till them and you make matters up ;
But if you like them to forgie,
Whene'er you please then set them free.
Only with express provision,
That they confirm the right decision,
Of living just like other men,
And honestly themselves maintain.

How happy are we here who dwell,
Of no such deeds we have to tell ;
Our Lawyers all are honest men,
At least nine of them out of ten.
And what is still more strange to tell,
They social live, and doing well ;
No roguish tricks they ever do, }
Like many senseless, wanton crew ; }
'Tis seldom even they get fou. }
You confidence in them may place, }
Although you never saw their face, }
A decent, sober, honest race.

A PHILIPPIC.

Woe unto you, ye Lawyers vile !
Whatever ye pretend ;
Your trade has still been to beguile,
And will be to the end !
You are a base deluding crew,
Just in a body taken ;
With the exception of a few,
You 're by the Lord forsaken.
Yet ye pretend to rule the land,
And settle all disputes ;
And any cause you'll take in hand,
O what assuming b—s !
There 's many of you little know
But pride and self-conceit ;
Yet they can strut and make a show,
And mankind nicely cheat.
Common sense exceeds their skill,
To honor small pretence ;
Though well can they make out a bill,
Brings ruin wi' expence.
If ever ye a conscience had,
You 've now laid it aside ;
Or what is much about as bad,
'Tis open'd wond'rous wide.
Ye make your trade appear a cheat,
The way ye oft do blunder ;

Its very end it will defeat,
Or else 'twill be a wonder.
Long mankind's been surpris'd to see
The fortunes ye are making';
And now they take a pint and 'gree,
And your *fine* Courts forsaking.

ON RUNNING AGAINST TIME, A KIND OF PREVIOUS
CHALLENGE BEING GIVEN FROM THE ANGUS
SIDE, BY A SMITH AND WEAVER.

Ye Angus Smiths now blush wi' shame,
You Dundee Weavers hide your name,
Your new Trade surely you 've mistaen ;|
 You're fairly beat ;
A Lawyer loun I winna name,
 Has you defeat.

Nae doubt ye thought it was good rinning,
And so it was for first beginning,
And now though lang ye hae been trimming,
 We'll show you play,
Our Lawyers hae gi'en over sining
 This very day.

And for the mischief they hae done,
They mean to show us now some fun ;
You Angus lads they 'll a' out-run,
 They are so supple ;
Come o'er to Fife, since they 're begun,
 And be their pupil.

And they will train ye up wi' skill,
At ony pace that e'er ye will,
Syne breed you either to the quill,
 Or some sic trade ;
For ony thing they now fa' till ;
 Of wark they 're glad.

Ane a hunder stanes did gather,
A yard at least 'tween ane anither,
And to the basket turned hither
 With every ane ;
Only try him now to brither
 Wi' ony name.

Three quarters of an hour he took,
While mony ane did on him look,
Yet courage never him forsook ;
 How nice he ran,
Nane him needed to rebuke,
 For trying to sham.

His wark he did with greatest ease,
And every one that saw 'm did please ;
Nane indeed him tried to tease,

Unless in fun,
He rubb'd himsel', put on his claes,
Fresh as begun.

Four minutes less now could it do,
You Angus lads may well look blue,
Your swaggering will hae cause to rue,
It sair you sillies,
Of Fife ye surely little knew,
They 're supple billies.

Unless our pardon now ye beg,
We 'll mak' a man wi' timmer leg,
You Forfar lads gie sic a fleg,
As mak' ye gaze,
And that without the least intrigue,
Will you amaze.

For since the Law has taen the lead,
Legitimacy it will plead,
And then for you there 's no remead,
But just to yield,
Better far that ye 'd been dead,
Than lost the field.

But Lawyers here being very rife,
 We 'll send you twa three out o' Fife,
 'T might put an end to a' the strife

Atween the counties,

Or gathering stanes for, wad my life,
 There will be bounties.

Still Angus lads I 'd you advise,
 Ne'er wi' us try to gain the prize,
 For sure ye never wad come nigh 's,

Tho' we 'd you teach,

Our sentiments we 'll no disguise,
 Nor try to fleach.

Though ye may aye anither jagg,
 Fife ne'er again attempt to brag,
 For bravely can she Forfar flag,

We 'r men o' law;

Ahind she 'd mak' her far to lag,
 Though they 'd rin a'.

REPLY.

You Lawyers in Fife we wish you much joy,
 On the method you 've fa'en on time to destroy ;
 Each day take a run whene'er ye grow weary,
 As time on your hand may make you look dreary.
 'Tis better for you to be on the fields running,
 A client's reproach at times to be shunning ;

Than plodding at home who best ye can plunder,
 Their lithes and their limbs to tear quite asunder.
 Them nothing ye leave whoe'er ye begin wi',
 The worst set of men that e'er we fell in wi';
 For when once a job you're fairly begun till,
 If your client has money what length ye will run
 till.

Conscience is what ye have quite laid aside now,
 Fast as ye can to the deil ye do ride now;
 Ne'er think of turning till fairly ye're catched,
 Though then ye do mourn, by this time ye are
 hatched.

The method you've got of running and lifting,
 May yet be a mean to keep you frae drifting:
 Apply to it zealous wi' a' your might then,
 So as your deeds may you not so affright then.
 Besides it will shake down a' your loose muttons,
 And hide from the world such extravagant glut-
 tons:

Every day take a race, it can do little harm,
 Perhaps on your conduct may work like a charm.
 And bring you about to a right way o' thinking,
 For mankind believe at your deeds are not wink-
 ing;

They know ye deceive them, and seldom speak }
 true,
 We'll see by and by what good running will }
 do,
 It may bring ye sober at times when ye're fou. }

UTILITY OF LAW*.

When the Law is right dispens'd,
What a blessing it does prove ;
Then the Country is so fenc'd,
Its liberties there's none can move.
Impartial when it is applied,
Abuses then it doth correct ;
And those by it who then are tried,
Are taught to pay it due respect.
What a pleasure 'tis to see
A man of prudence, zeal and care ;
With independent mind, and free
Of prejudice, in the judge-chair.
Whose whole ambition's to attend
His duty, and it so discharge,
As justice may obtain its end,
And none law's purity outrage.
A blessing such is to the place,
In which he dwells or doth preside ;
And here to-day I saw a case,
That one of such a stamp did guide.
The truth he clearly brought to light,
And manag'd things in such a way ;
Show'd who were wrong and who were right,
As evident as light of day.

* Alluding to a trial here this 19th day of August, 1824,
where Sheriff Clephane presided, and was Judge.

Cupar soon will be renown'd,
When justice thus it so doth give ;
Where such a magistrate is found,
A comfort sure 'twould be to live.

STRICTURES.

Last night perhaps I was to blame,
For staying so long awa' frae hame ;
When I the Muse this morning tried,
Right fain would she have me denied.
Pegasus then I thought to 've mounted,
But he too seem'd to be affronted :
The Muse I now invok'd by turns,
Wi' shade of Ramsay and of Burns ;
But nothing could on her prevail,
Then on Pegasus I did steal ;
But when I wish'd him to advance,
He then began to jump and prance.
And oftentimes he tried to throw me,
And splutter'd like 's he ne'er did know me.
Says I, my lad, what is the matter,
'Tis seldom that ye this way eaper ;
But I 'm resolv'd that on you 'll go,
Without regard to friend or foe.
For since I 'm now into the saddle,
Through thick and thin I'll make you paddle ;

And if that ye provoke me langer,
Perhaps ye soon may raise my anger.
Well, well, says he, keep firm and steady,
And shortly ye will find me ready ;
I 'll slip away just at the canter,
And never mind how people banter.
The public ye can easy dress them,
Whiles ye may scold, and whiles caress them :
If ye more specimens prepare,
Let them be done wi' greatest care.
Shew them you 're none o' nature's fools,
Though seldom e'er you walk by rules ;
Have at them then as fast's ye can,
Without regard of rule or plan.
Some are simple, others crazy,
And some takes every thing quite easy ;
Some are fools by constitution,
And many made so by tuition.
Some ignorant they are as asses,
While some again know all that passes ;
Some kindred claim to understanding,
Though scarce a word of sense commanding.
There 's some again are always dull,
Who neither can right lead nor pull ;
Some to wit do claim pretension,
Who 've neither genius nor invention ;
And some delight ay to be teasing,
While others they are fond of pleasing.
O what a mixi maxi crew,
Are mankind when we them look thro' ;

There's mony a sycophant amang them,
Who neither can well right nor wrang them ;
But take a peep of them thegither,
Well can they flatter ane anither.
Of donkeys there are not a few,
Whatever soil upon they grew ;
They only try to mimic man,
And do't the best way that they can.
Others still are well contented,
Though oft you'll find them chicken-hearted ;
Yet how they pass among the crowd,
As hero's they do roar so loud.
There's villains mix'd with honest men,
And many a rogue that's ill to ken ;
There's some nicknackity conceits,
And many bare-fac'd open cheats ;
There some good-hearted, frank, and kind,
Though fewest far of them we find.
Mankind whatever way we view them,
With close attention soon see thro' them ;
Their spring of action only show it,
They oft would be ashame'd to know it.
Their goodness being an outward form,
So any thing makes serve their turn ;
But some are quick as quick can be,
And every thing at once do see.
Such qualities they do inherit,
As judge all actions by their merit ;
Some again are much disereeter,
Takes the opinion o' their neighbour ;

Opinions they could never form,
Take any port in time of storm.
Some of their learning make a show,
Though feint a muckle o 't they know ;
'Tis curious for to hear them chatter,
And wi' their gibberish men bespatter.
They know the past and present tense,
Yet want a place for common sense ;
Pedantic and assuming creatures,
Of men they 've little but the features.
If they have genius 'tis but sma',
I scarce a name know them to ca' ;
They nearly are nonentities
Whoe'er them by their merit tries.
Yet they pretend to criticise,
And insolently whiles chastise :
For want of brains they 've little skill,
That what they say does seldom ill.
When parting them they 've been forgot,
Which counts for nonsense they have wrote ;
Yet, strange to think, they 're oft reviewers,
Mistaen their Trade, they should been sewers.
It only common sense insults,
To make reviewers of sic dolts ;
To judge and damn, I beg their pardon,
Whate'er they say care not a farthin'.
For let them glowlr, yea stare and wonder,
I 'll try to rive their views asunder ;
And learn them how to criticise,
And with a new name them baptise.

But them to judge of people's merit,
Who scarcee a quality inherit,
Befitting for their posts and stations ;
Let them be sent to the plantations,
Where they may criticise together,
And fault and blame still ane anither ;
For judgments they 've already pass'd,
With all such fools let them be class'd.
No more intending them to wrang,
We 'll pass them by and let them gang ;
Now here is warning fairly given,
That from society they'll be driven.
Whoe'er they be that claim pretension
To be reviewers who want invention ;
And men who candidly do deal,
Make sense and reason to prevail ;
And truth and honor keep in view,
Whate'er works they may review ;
To their decision I 'd submit,
If they me fair and right did hit.



A SONG—THE HAMMERMEN ARE JOLLY FELLOWS.

The Hammermen are jolly fellows,
Are always brisk and cheery ;
They up i' morning, blaw the bellows,
O' wark they ne'er grow weary.

The anvil how they make to ring,
Each chap again rebounding ;
And like a lavrock chant and sing ;
At times when bolts are rounding,

What forms and shapes they bring to view,
Whene'er they like to ettle ;
They 'll make the old appear like new,
When ance they heat their mettle.

Scarce any thing their skill evades,
You 'd think they could work wonders ;
They 're so well up unto their trades,
'Tis seldom they make blunders.

And when their wark they lay aside,
The toil o' day being over ;
They count it whiles their greatest pride,
The sparks to drown and cover.

The most o' them that e'er I saw,
Were jovial and free-hearted ;
And never thought they broke the law
Tho' fou before they parted.

They 're happy still to meet and part,
To no man they wish evil ;
It is their calling and their art,
All mankind to treat civil.

A SONG—WHOEVER TO THE ALE-HOUSE GOES.

All you whose boast and glory
Is still in your superior skill ;
To drive off melancholy,
Aft meet and take a morning gill.

And you who still keep vaunting,
About the purity of self ;
A glass wi' you 's ne'er wanting.
Whenever ye can raise the pelf.

And you wha scarce dare venture,
While in the face of open day ;
Sly by the back door enter,
And take your glass, syne run away.

And you who still keep blaming,
To public house whae'er do go ;
'Twould cost me but the naming,
Your deeds to let the world know.

You still keep moralizing,
In case ye meet wi' an attack ;
Your sentiments disguising,
For well you lo'e the Cogniac.

Yet nothing ever passes,
But what ye try to fault and blame ;
Such moralizing asses,
We 'll find nae where, unless at hame.

The jovial and free-hearted,
Who care not for the face of man ;
Before they can get parted,
Still follow up their ancient plan.

A glass they take wi' pleasure,
It cheerfulness unto them gives ;
But still within keep measure,
And never mind how ithers lives.

A SONG OR AN ADDRESS TO ALMOND BANKS AND
CROMWELL HA'.

Ye banks of Almond how delightful,
As you draw near to Cromwell Ha' ;
O how cheery and how sprightly,
There the girls I often saw.
To me it gave the greatest pleasure,
And my wishes did fulfil ;
To step about when at my leisure,
Round the haugh and in the mill.

The music that was there display'd,
In the time o' dinner hour ;
Both young and old the call obey'd,
It did complete the vapours cure.
The charming song that went about,
When we assembl'd in a ring ;
It melancholy quite drove out,
And to the heart gave a new spring.
Each day succeeded wi' delight,
And pleasure it did still renew ;
We welcom'd in the morning light,
How harmony increas'd and grew.
The horn blew, the bell did ring,
Inviting all when to begin ;
The burdies on the boughs did sing,
And a' was bustle soon within.
Time pleasantly then slipt awa',
Content was mark'd on every face ;
Such cheerfulness I never saw,
Since ever I began my race.
Though now these days are past and gone,
By me they 'll never be forgot ;
The more on them I think upon,
The more I bless my happy lot :
For having one space o' my life
Unclouded by the hand of woe ;
Or stain'd wi' wanton cruel strife,
For none of them I then did know.

Ye Almond banks were my delight,
With pleasure oft I've you survey'd ;
And o'er you wander'd day and night,
And still on you I could have stray'd,
But fate gave me another route,
The curtain I'll not draw aside ;
Though vain was often the pursuit,
It folly now would be to chide.

THE LASSES OF FIFE, &c.

Sometimes we're deceiv'd by those that we know,
Though friendship pretend by making a show ;
If that their friendship you bring to the test,
A thousand to one if that will increase 't.
Though well could they help in time of your
need,
But self being the object and end of their creed ;
Such lib'ral ideas they don't understand,
No man in distress they'll take by the hand.
If they're keeped right, and right they will be,
They care not what comes o' a poor dog like me,
'Tis curious indeed to hear how they talk,
Their minds quite at ease when taking a walk.

Hunger and want ne'er came them across,
Or how to behave they'd be at a loss, }
Full are their bellies, their heads they are boss ;
Yet whiles they'll pretend to feel for distress,
But the world in heart they too much caress.
It being the object engrosses their care,
'Tis only themselves they wish well to fare ;
If a show they do make the poor to relieve,
It inwardly cuts, it their hearts so doth grieve.
Yet fain would they wish their names still to live,
For that end alone they sometimes do give ;
(O what a contrast between them and some,) }
They give with a grace that ill them become.
That they have no feelings they wish to disguise,
That what they bestow, the more may surprise ;
But others we've seen, and that not a few,
Distress have reliev'd so soon's they it knew.
And that, without either grudge or delay,
Humanity's call they quickly obey :
The world on such 'tis right to bestow,
That thus for distress such sympathy show.
Were I but dispos'd I many could name,
Yet were I to do it, me they might blame ;
Such good do by stealth without any show,
But being good-hearted are easy to know.
I speak by experience when I do tell,
How strangers to me behaved so well.

Occasion had I to travel in Fife,*
I never was handsomer us'd in my life ;
In 'most ev'ry place where yet I have been,
Such kindness indeed I 've seldom e'er seen.
Ladies and gentlemen frank were and kind,
Farm-wives and goodmen were nothing behind ;
While daughters and sons in 'most every case,
Seldom their mothers and fathers disgrace.
Ye batchelors all to marriage inclin'd,
In Fife you 'll get one exact to your mind ;
So handsome and graceful, neat and genteel,
If you come not to Fife, ye 'll ne'er do so well.
On them education has not been lost,
They both of good nature and virtue can boast ;
For person and grace few wi' them can compare,
And if they do, it 's but seldom and rare.
Scarce any station but well could they fill,
From swaying a sceptre to grinding in mill ;
That stages in mid-way cannot come wrong,
Even dancing a jig, or singing a song.
What schemes they would try you to keep cheery,
The lasses o' Fife would ne'er let you weary ;
They 're cheerfu', good-hearted, kind and discreet,
And ay in good humour when them ye do meet.
If there 's an exception sure it 's but rare,
If any be sulky them we could spare ;
The lasses in Fife, take them in the gross,
A good one to find you 'd be at no loss.

* viz. When taking in Subscribers.

Ye batchelors all, of Fife and elsewhere,
Our lasses are lovely, yet some we could spare ;
For I must you tell, if ye want a breed,
Come unto Fife if ye wish to succeed.
Her daughters are virtuous, lovely, and kind,
Their equal indeed you 'll rarely but find ;
Their duty they know, and how to behave,
Both trouble and toil they to you would save.
And up they would cheer you when ye grew dull,
And equal and fair they with you would pull ;
Not like the hussies who nothing do know,
But busk themselves up just merely for show.
And when they get married, O what a change,
Their sight is enough their men to derange ;
How dirty and drabby they then do appear,
And in the same manner their families up-rear.
Which whiles makes their men of them lose con-
And lays the foundation of many debate ; [ceit,
How Burns did brag o' the lasses o' Ayr,
Tho' wi' the Fife lasses they ne'er could compare.
For honest men, we 've still some amang us,
Wi' lasses and lads scarce any can bang us :
And it is a fact that 's well understood,
The people of Fife are far from being rude.
And scarce on the globe upon the same space,
So many great names you rightly can trace ;
But gen'ral rules wont strictly apply,
That fools are in Fife I cannot deny.
And misers with hearts that nothing do feel,
No more than if made of well-temper'd steel ;

But such are but few compar'd wi' the rest,
And scarce worth the while of bringing to test.
Yet truth does require we should be distinct,
Therefore at vice we mean not to wink ;
Were I to mention what I 've felt and seen,
No sophistry could the actors well screen.
But to it at present I shall not resort,
So leave them inclos'd within their own fort ;
Conscience perhaps may whiles give a twang,
And in their ear whisper that they have done
Still Fife as a whole is an excellent place, [wrang.
Though ane here and there sometimes it disgrace ;
Yet that 's been the case, and ever will be,
Perfection here we 've no chance to see.

A TALE OF OLD TIMES.

CANTO I.

I was told that in Fife there once liv'd a man,
Scarce ever equall'd since time yet began ;
Sometimes in an age a wonder is seen,
But as for his like it 's never yet been.
Chronological records I shall not pursue,
And only shall state what 's still told as true ;
The place he was born I cannot well tell,
But shew in his life somethings which befel.
Fife is the theatre on which he did act,
Where some of his doings can still yet be track't;

Though I his nativity cannot now trace,
The time of his birth, nor yet of what race.
His actions and life in part are still known,
Though none of them now remain to be shown ;
That something might yet be said in his praise,
By the histori'grapher of future days.
At present it 's somehow fallen to his lot,
That if he did good such deeds are forgot,
That of them a trace now cannot be found,
In this neighbourhood, nor country around.
Twould pleas'd me much better could I sung
his praise,
For good he had done in his after days ;
How that distress he had often reliev'd,
And where he it saw it always him griev'd.
His humanity too I fain would have shown,
But nothing of that has ever been known.
So now on his life I shortly shall enter,
Though ne'er a conjecture on it I shall venture,
But such as are founded and built upon fact ;
And the manner discover in which he did act.
But that we may keep by a regular plan,
Shall only his history begin with at man.

CANTO II.

His stages of boyhood shll not pursue,
As what 's then said of him may not be true ;
His name nor the place where that he did live,
At present is not in our power you to give.

If at some future period it can be supplied,
It unto the public shall not be denied.
His first public act, as we understand,
Was one Sabbath day when he had command ;
Some poor travelling man had the night before,
When passing by, call'd at his father's door,
And asked for quarters for the next day,
Who with some persuasion allow'd was to stay.
Then to an out-house, of course, he was sent,
Well pleas'd and happy into it he went.
On Sabbath our hero had thought of a plan,
And tried the experiment on the poor man :
So soon as the family had to the kirk gone,
Our hero went straight unto him alone ;
He asked the reason that him there did bring,
And him got persuaded now to try a swing.
The poor simple man then ventur'd his neck,
But more out of fear than out of respect ;
Though it was agreed his life he might save,
And again be let down when a whistle he gave.
Instead of which doing he let him hang on,
Until apparently his life was quite gone.
A grave for him he in haste did prepare,
Which for the present engross'd all his care ;
But as for the deed he thought it no sin,
If once he had him but right cover'd in.
Good luck for the man one chanc'd to pass by,
Who seeing him hanging did signs of life try ;
And after a while he glad was to find
That matters succeeded so well to his mind.

The man when recover'd then straight off he went,
No doubt in his heart right glad and content:
If lodg'd there again he'd likely take care,
And never be caught into the same snare.

CANTO III.

But now our young hero wanted a wife,
In the choosing of which he risked his life.
His object was money, he car'd not for more,
No matter her age, though it was threescore.
On one he soon fix'd with plenty of cash,
And being hot-headed, forward, and rash,
Scheme after scheme he with her did try,
But still she continued his suit to deny.
At length it him struck somehow in the head,
And on a new method he then did proceed :
He smooth'd her so well till he got her to try
Her name to write down, which she could not
But it so turn'd out to be on a bill, [deny.
Which with a large sum he soon up did fill ;
And then told her plain what he meant to do,
If she longer refus'd he would her pursue.
At last she consented to be thus his wife ;
What began wi' deceit soon ended in strife ;
Look out at the window (said he) one day, my
O be not afraid, I pray you come near. [dear,
The snow it was then lying deep on the ground, }
He drew up the window, then whirl'd around, }
When she in the snow was soon to be found. }

A man in our time would scarce deserve life,
Who could so abuse and maltreat his wife.
That, and such like, was the way he went on,
But conduct like that 'mong us is unknown :
And when she was dying he tried her to fright,
Wi' what's call'd the dead drop 'most every night.
At last, poor woman, she paid nature's debt,
And then for another he lang did not wait :
Who soon were in form declar'd man and wife, }
But never could learn if they liv'd without strife, }
Nor yet at what period was ended each life. }
Indeed it was said but cannot give date,
Before that he died he bought an estate.
Now all about him that rightly we know,
Is that he flourish'd some centuries ago :
Was vain and conceited, withal full o' greed,
No friend to the poor nor any in need :
Was rash, inconsistent, without any plan,
Unless to enslave and swear over man.
His follies are said to be of such a cast,
Quite a phenomenon while they did last.
Now take an example by such a man,
And try to do good wherever you can ;
A bad name and actions are long handed down,
As well's what is good and leads to renown :
But if when the two we chance to compare,
I happy would be the bad ones to spare ;
For even the best no good do inherit,
As none can be sav'd by what's their own merit.

Comparative goodness we often do see,
Both as to quality, kind, and degree.
But follow the stream up quite to its head,
A fanciful covering there stands in no stead ;
In origin all sprang from the same race,
Though some more than others do nature disgrace.

CANTO IV.

Inherent purity long since was lost,
Comparative goodness is now all the boast ;
If that we are sav'd 'twill ne'er be by works,
In morality we're far short of the Turks.
Education founded on a good plan,
Helps much to accomplish and finish the man ;
And gives such a noble east to the mind,
'Tis here comparative goodness we find.
The mind gets then such a cast and a turn,
As if moulded and polish'd to 'most any form ;
'Th' impression it takes so deeply in youth,
Helps much to discover and find out the truth.
For sciences then do the mind so engage,
That many discovery's been made in our age ;
And much to the credit of this our own nation,
Education fits us for most ev'ry station.
And that from a class that's long been forgot,
Who now can compare wi' best men of note ;
Though long escutcheons they have not to show,
Yet in the debate as deeply they'll go.

Of whatever nature or whatever kind,
Shew both a strength and clearness of mind ;
Incorruptible too when truth is at stake,
Their friends and their country they will not for-
sake.

And Hero's are many sprung of the same race,
The cause of their country who ne'er would dis-
In all sorts of learning they also can lead, [grace ;
There's none at the bar who better can plead.
Likewise the pulpit do fill with much grace,
Nothing behind a more high favor'd race ;
And since that by law they are not confin'd,
In discoveries they show their deepness of mind.
No science nor art whate'er they do try,
But in every branch some rise very high ;
Which clearly doth show howe'er high the rank,
Oftimes plebeians them do thus out-flank.
So that education on a good plan,
Is what doth complete and finish the man.

CANTO V.

Hereditary title oft times makes a fool, [school ;
When prompted by vanity, and wont attend
And thinks that because he's sprung from a lord,
By every one else he should be adord.
And as he will not endure to be cross'd,
Education on him is oftentimes lost ;
The consequence mark when he comes of age,
What a poor figure he cuts on life's stage.

In youth being so much to folly inclin'd,
His ideas confuses and weakens his mind.
Birth gives him a title in the nation to rule,
Yet oft he appears as if nature's fool.
So title nor blood, whate'er the pretence,
Cannot convey to its offspring good sense ;
For Providence hath all things so design'd,
That wisdom and wealth 's not always combin'd.
But if when at times they happen to meet,
It well them becomes each other to greet ;
How fitting the match when right understood,
Having both the power and will to do good.
In gen'ral, although it be not the case,
Yet now pretty often we find it take place ;
Lately humanity 's fast gaining ground,
The like of our Hero now cannot be found.
Mankind are polish'd to what they were then,
And so on the whole are much better men ;
In relative goodness 'tis truly the case,
For none like our Hero himself would disgrace.
But where he does lye, there 's none now can tell,
Nor yet at his end if ought him befel.
'Tis rather a pity we cannot him trace,
To know if he was the last of his race.
One thing is certain where'er he did go,
That trouble themselves there 's few will to know ;
For whatever character still he does act,
There is little fear of him coming back.

MR WHATS AND THE GUDEWIFE OF FIFE.

There was a dainty gash gudewife,
Liv'd somewhere in the east of Fife.
She was a rattling hearty dame,
Well ken'd abroad as well 's at hame ;
And was so thrifty in her way,
That few her equall'd in her day.
Her daughters span and she did reel,
She bred them a' up to the wheel :
But though that she was very knowing,
She had no lint of that year's growing.
That very year the crop miscarried,
That very year her daughter married ;
Which put her rather to a stand,
Not having lint at her command.
But she was any thing but lame,
For brawly could she plan and scheme :
John was a canny decent man,
The Gudewife still did lead the van.
Very few indeed could beat her,
The deil himsel' could scarce defeat her.
Awa' they stappit to Dundee,
Took shipping and went o'er the sea.
Lint being the thing she meant to buy,
One Master WHATS she went to try :
But customers being busy wi' 'm,
It was a while till she could see 'm ;

Though now and then ane slipp'd awa,
Anither new ane ga'e 'm a ca'.
The talk was most about the prices,
And when he got the last advices ;
How markets looking were abroad ;
Yet whiles he ga'e the wife a nod.
But her thoughts being fix'd on John, }
She often wish'd they a' were gone, }
That he might come on them alone. }
Scarcely wish'd till it was granted,
Things came round the way she wanted ;
The shop no sooner it was empty,
Than she was shown of lint a plenty.
And after she had ta'en her wile,
Whats gave her a kindly smile ;
And bade her take what she did want,
For which to him her bill might grant.
But in the int'rим John came in,
And 'bout a bargain did begin ;
And so as Whats might see no danger,
She spoke to him as ony stranger :
But very civil and discreet,
Was happy that they chanc'd to meet.
Whats said since they were so acquaint,
That one bill they might only grant,
And be security for ithier,
In a conjunct bill thegither.
The story nicely did them please,
And set their minds now quite at ease.

Their orders then they did enlarge,
Ne'er minded what might be the charge.
So after taking what they wanted,
They a bill conjunetly granted ;
But still on secrecy being bent,
They quietly slipp'd awa' content.
Whats ne'er began to think nor doubt,
Till time of payment came about ;
Then it made him quite surpris'd,
To think how things they 'd so disguis'd.
And oh ! as he did swear and kick,
The more he thought upon the trick ;
For though that many had betray'd him,
Sic a trick was never play'd him.
Though families he had often roupit,
He never was so neatly coupit ;
He 'd always made a point to catch,
But now he thought he 'd got his match.
Revenge ! revenge ! he so did roar,
Till 's very lungs he almost tore.
But in the middle o' his anger,
When swearing he could thole nae langer ;
And kicking up a dreadful din,
The wife o' Fife came stapping in.
His anger now he did disguise,
Her sight did so much him surprise ;
And kindly did invite her ben,
Where ane them heard his tricks did ken.
Then civilly he did her press,
Now to sit down and take a glass ;

The bill he thought she meant to pay
Without a moment's more delay.
But she was deep and very sly,
And cunningly she him does try .
She ask'd him what the sum might be,
He drew it out to let her see.
And when he thought that all was right,
She put him in an unco fright ;
The very moment that he quat it,
She in her mouth immediate pat it.
He like a very d—l flew,
And thrust his fingers in her mou ;
But brawly did she take the grip,
And thumb and fingers well did nip.
He roar'd and cried, she press'd so sore,
And swore by G—d the bill was tore ;
And that if she would slack her jaw,
He 'd willingly forgi'e her 't a'.
Although that he did swear and girn,
By thumb and fingers she held firm.
Assistance now he loud did roar,
Till the gudewife he backward bore.
She in her turn did also cry,
That something now he meant to try.
A rape ! a rape ! then did resound,
He bade the d—l her confound ;
And swore was ne'er so fix'd in life,
Wi' sic a d—b b—h o' a wife.
But still she squeez'd and held him fast,
Until they both were like to gasp ;

And though he struggling was for life,
He bawl'd against the wife o' Fife.
And sware again he might be curst,
When instantly a door up burst ;
Their situation being provoking,
He did get a fearfu' yoking
From one who claim'd him as her right,
Who now gave him a proper fright.
She kick'd and cuff'd, and roar'd and grat,
And ay gave him the tither squat.
He in his turn thus blam'd the wife,
And sware she 'd almost ta'en his life ;
His fingers she had nearly broken,
And that his thumb could well betoken.
The wife she told a diff'rent story,
In what she 'd done she seem'd to glory ;
And sware that she would be his ruin,
For trying to be her undoing.
And threaten'd terribly to beat him,
Being sic a villain she did hate him ;
And tear him would each limb asunder,
And him expose to world's wonder.
For as he thought her to deceive,
She would learn him how to crave.
As Whats now brawly ken'd her mettle,
Was glad on ony terms to settle ;
And sware that ne'er again in life,
Would he engage a wife of Fife.
The wife went hame right well content,
And niest day paid the Laird his rent.

AN ADDRESS TO THE TOWN AND PEOPLE OF DUNDEE.

When I stept over to Dundee,
Its ships and harbour there to see,
The people all were frank and free,
 'Mong them I liv'd fu' canny ;
They're getting fast into renown,
Dundee is a most thriving Town,
Its population fast has grown,
 Since I was a wee manny.

There's few with it that can compare,
What trade and bustle they have there,
Her merchants oft divide and share
 The product of each nation.
Her ships do float on every sea,
However distant it might be,
Fam'd far indeed now is Dundee,
 For sense and information.

Her citizens are active men,
Her ladies few of them I ken,
But well ——— tries all to train
 To virtue and to candour ;
(Corruption nicely he does tease,
How'er it may some grandese please,
He strips it o' its flimsy claes,
 And it deprives of grandeur.

Exposest to public show,
That every one who sees 't may know,
And from a friend may turn its foe,
Until by all forsaken ;
Which soon I hope will be the case,
That brought it will be to disgrace,
And driven from every hole and place,
And ne'er again uptaken.)

Her sons are active, seldom stumble,
Though at corruption often grumble,
And now are giving it a tumble,
That will of life deprive it.

O Dundee keep firm and steady,
And at your post be always ready,
Each lad and lass and bonny lady,
Corruption for to rive it.

Let truth and honor still preside,
However parties may divide,
And wisdom all your counsels guide,
When for your rights contending.
Be swayed by no sordid aim,
And every thing that 's mean disdain,
And from venality abstain,
And wise your time be spending.

Then you 'll excel the world combin'd,
Be happiest o' the human kind,
When all to virtue are inclin'd,
From sense and inclination.

When the experiment you 've tried,
By every place ye 'll be envied.
Now all of you that are quick eyed,
Be proud of your own station.

And a day let not be lost,
Howe'er afore time ye 've been crost,
Make virtuous liberty your boast,
But anarchy despise it.

Show to the world ye are men,
That know your rights and will maintain
Good order; and from vice refrain,
Whoever may advise it.

What a shame unto a few,
The way they guide and govern you,
As if you were some Afric crew,
Just from its shore new landed,
You have no choice in their make,
They on themselves do office take,
Which surely is a great mistake,
The way their births are handed.

Although their claims they often slight,
Still persevere with all your might,
And stick by justice, sense, and right,
Both in action, word, and deed,
And show the world a new creed ;
At last your end you 're sure to gain,
Which will reward your toil and pain ;
The citizens then of Dundee,
Will glory that they are set free.

SENT TO A GENTLEMAN, 5th FEBRUARY, 1824.

DEAR SIR, The world hard doth deal,
And over me like to prevail,
But to put out my hand and steal
 Would me disgrace,
And make me tell a mournfu' tale,
 And end my race.

I often think it 's ill divided,
Sore this while it me hath chided,
To fight it out I 'm ill provided,
 You may believe,
And the way that I 've been guided,
 Whiles makes me grieve.

But yet it is in vain to fret,
To do it now would be too late ;
But how my plans are a' defeat,
 When like to thrive ;
Five pounds to raise I'm fairly beat,
 Sure's I'm alive.

I've rais'd a thousand in a day,
And look'd upon 't as bairn's play,
But now whatever I do say
 Has no effect ;
I meet with nothing but delay,
 And sheer neglect.

My own at present winna raise,
Though at them hard I often tease,
And now I'm wearing out my claes,
 But what care they,
They manage things just as they please,
 Whate'er I say.

I wadna wish them to be d—d,
Nor would I like to see them hang'd,
But though their backs were tightly whang'd,
 The fient me care,
Although they were na muckle wrang'd,
 It might them fear.

They are a base ungracious set,
As any man wi' ever met,
And yet forsooth they tak' the pet,
When I them push,
That whiles my een gets fou o' wet,
Me so doth crush.

But the thing I'm going to say,
That having met so much delay,
Obliges me at hame to stay,
Against my will;
Now my dear sir, I humbly pray,
You 'll take my bill,

For pounds five, or something more,
Some way between that and a score,
And you I would fore'er adore,
And keep you right,
And gi'e ye a 'ts within my door,
This very night.

At least I 'll mak' you quite secure,
If I should sleep upon the floor,
For ony thing I could endure,
My point to fill,
For soon I would have money sure,
Just at my will.

A lang round yet I mean to go,
For far and near does well me know,
And unto me would gi'e a throw,
 To help me right,
I've naething but my face to show,
 By day or night.

In Glasgow they are very kind,
And many a friend I there would find ;
In Perth they are not far behind,
 'Twas lang my hame ;
If them I dinna put in mind,
 They would me blame.

There's one thing sure, I must be through,
Whatever way I may it do,
And rather be content wi' few,
 Before it's stickit,
For if I stop just in the now,
 The fient be lickit.

I'll say no more, but just conclude,
And wish you every thing that's good,
Ne'er to be scrimpet o' your food,
 Nor yet your claes,
And at your leisure chew your cud,
 Or what you please.

N.B.—Now show me that on earth there is
A man who yet does feel ;
Whose heart not cas'd and harden'd is,
O'er a' wi' temper'd steel.
For such has been the case wi' some
That I before have tried ;
But me it does not here become
To tell who 's me denied.
'Tis merely to support myself
And family, when awa' ;
To canvas I need only pelf,
A trifle would do 't a'.

ON CRITICISM.

We shall not condemn before we first hear,
For that only fools would make us appear.
We fair play will give whoever he be,
For whate'er he is 't matters not we ;
If that he 's had sense and did understand
To handle the subject that he took in hand.
Some writers indeed they rarely do scan,
And leave the subject near as they began.
It must be allow'd that some are profuse,
And others again the subject abuse.
Some cannot digest and bring into view,
While others again still give something new.

The path it hath been so much and long trode,
'Twould now be difficult to find a new road.
Unless an original genius or so,
The far greater part in the old track do go ;
And always do follow, ne'er try to lead,
Just like a day-labourer working for 's bread ;
Who daily keeps groping in the old mire,
And lives quite contented by working for hire ;
And having no object but that in his eye,
He never attempts to soar and fly high.

With poets as well as writers of prose,
But one here and there have to em'nence arose ;
Afraid they 're to venture, and forward to go,
'Fore trying to excel they 'll rather fly low :
And point out beauties they may have seen,
And by this and that what the writer did mean.
They only explain what we knew before,
And tell us what writers we ought to adore ;
Which makes us to look with a prejudic'd eye,
That seldom with judgment merit we try.
'Tis rarely indeed till after they 're dead
That poets particularly e'er take the lead ;
'Tis then their beauties are brought into view,
Which when alive were distinguish'd by few.
But one time or other genius will rise,
Brightly illume and mankind surprise ;
Though many may think it scarce worth their
while,
While others again contemptuously smile.

And some (would-be-critics) they blame the tense,
Thinks if it want grammar, it cannot be sense.
They grammar may know as taught in the schools,
Tho' nature has mark'd them out as her fools ;
What ideas they have, confus'd are and jumbl'd,
'Tis like a surprise how on any they 've stumbl'd.
Unless 't be to blame they never will better 't,
Pray, what is the reason, their judgments are
fetterd ?

They cannot conceive it not being within them,
How plain men of sense so easy out-run them.
Like all other fools they always decry }
Whatever they see themselves cannot try, }
Or tho' they do, it their skills would defy. }
They even to wit do claim a pretence,
Tho' allow'd to be fools by all men of sense ;
For their intellects are made of such stuff,
Their wit, if any, flies off at a puff.
Of reasoning fair just only them try,
Then soon you will find their cisterns run dry ;
There are others again, and that not a few,
Who candidly judge, give all things their due.
And both praise and blame as they go along,
Tells what they think .s right and what they
think 's wrong.

They will not condemn without a foundation,
Nor will they faults praise whate'er be the station ;
Such judges as these we safely may trust,
Who beauties and faults together wont twist.

SENT TO A SELF-TAUGHT ASTRONOMER AND UNIVERSAL
PRACTITIONER, 1824.

CANTO I.

When nature first her out-lines drew,
She pleased well was with the view ;
Then how things started at command,
Both in the water, air, and land.
But none like you since time began,
She 's yet included in her plan ;
Whatever way your line ye trace,
No kindred ye can claim our race.
Though on the globe wi' us ye dwell,
Your pedigree there 's none can tell.
Sure nothing wrong comes to your hand,
The elements ye can command ;
And when you will, cause rain and thunder,
You 're just a very world's wonder.
Ye know the sun by your desire
Maist set a neighbour town on fire ;
Your glasses ye make so to lead'm,
That ony way ye like, you guide'm.
Being full of a' sorts o' invention,
To every thing ye pay attention.
Among the stars when it grows dark,
At times ye make a dreadful wark.
As for the moon you so attend her,
If she go wrang ye'll easy mend her.

And if that she do not shine brighter,
Ye maun slip up and try to right her.
Either gae by wind or water,
Or in a cloud, there's little matter.
Mend any thing that ye see wrang,
But beg ye 'll no continue lang ;
And as ye canna aft attend her,
Leave directions how to mend her ;
For ye 're so usefu' in our nation,
Ye must come back to your auld station.
As for the sun let him alane,
Ye brawly manage him at hame.
The wind ye may please gi'e a turn,
If that it 's like to shake the corn ;
And try to regulate it so,
That it ay temperately may blow ;
And us not take so by surprise,
Wi' stowre and dust to blind our eyes.
Set the machinery so a-going,
Nought can gae wrang without you knowing;
So that no more we 'll be affrighted,
Although we chance to be benighted.
Being so ingeniously inclin'd,
Get a' things settl'd to your mind ;
Experiments ye still may try,
When either too lang wet or dry.
But as to time we 'll ne'er agree,
Keep the command yoursel' a wee ;
As onward still ye do proceed,
Ay keep in view the country's need.

And never mind what's term'd havers,
Country clash, and auld wives' clavers.
In winter if ye think 's deserving,
I beg ye 'll try and keep 's frae starving.
To make it answer young and old,
Give neither too much heat nor cold ;
And regulate it such a way,
That here too long it may not stay.
When spring comes in wi' cheerfu' smile,
Take care it do not you beguile ;
For tho' the morning may shine bright,
It may tempestuous blow till night.
If deep and cold the waters run,
Just heat the rain ayont the sun ;
If the experiment you 'd try,
The land again would soon be dry.
Now study and keep a' things right,
Both in the day as well 's the night ;
And still show that ye 're more than man,
By following up your ancient plan.

CANTO II.

Again a wee now I maun view ye,
And through a diff'rent track pursue ye.
For though ye manage wind and waves,
And in the aerial world behaves ;
Yet strange ye still can act as man,
Though on a more extended plan.

Ye have a genius nought can beat it,
Never yet it's been defeated ;
Whatever on ye cast your eye,
To do the like ye've but to try.
All kind of handiercraft can do,
Nothing e'er comes wrang to you ;
Even as a farmer and logician,
Or drawing up a smart petition.
The multitude ye can harangue,
Or entertain them wi' a sang.
And, as a lawyer, well ye know
How every plea is like to go ;
And brawly can ye gi'e advice,
Without reward of fee or price.
As a pleader few can beat ye,
Demosthenes could scarce defeat ye.
As doctor ye hae wondrous skill,
And mony aye ye're sent for till ;
Very oft ye cure and mend them,
So faithfully ye do attend them.
Ye're nicely up to ae disease,
And cures it wi' the greatest ease.
There's nothing that exceeds your skill,
Ye both can make and mend a mill.
Good standing colours ye can dye,
Or ony thing ye like to try.
Ye're far frae being that bad a preacher,
And few can beat ye as a teacher.
Even as a mountebank ye shine,
At telling fortunes quite divine.

Ye baith can shave and take a glass,
And, in a strait, ride an express.
As man-mid wife, you 're very good,
Can mak' and mend the bairns hood.
The childrens' claes ye can put on,
And kiss the mother when alone.
Even all the trades that ye ha'e tried,
Your art has never been envied ;
Because ye are so just and steady,
And when ye 're wanted, always ready.
You in the world all things know,
What 's done above, as well 's below.



SENT TO DR. F——S, CUPAR, 10th MARCH, 1824.

DEAR SIR, You I expected down,
According to your promise ;
Being sic an active Highland loun,
I thought you 'd waited on us.
Perhaps you hae been taken up
Wi' legs or noses mending ;
Or some wha 's like to gi'e the slip,
Upon them been attending.
Or maybe ye do whiles engage
Into the world's pleasure ;
Or ablins been put in a rage,
At something out o' measure.

Whatever's caused the delay,
 It makes but little matter;
 If ye'll come down some time to-day,
 There's nothing could be better.
 The place I daresay ye will find
 Without the least direction;
 But if you're any way inclin'd,
 I'll send you a protection:
 That ye may travel back and fore,
 In safety without danger;
 If any meddle, gi'e a roar,
 And tell them ye're a stranger.

But now I hope ye will excuse,
 This small effusion o' the muse;
 For when that she is ance begun,
 'Tis scarcely known the length she'd run.

JAMIE THE PAINTER.

CANTO I.

My money happening to inlake, }
 I went away and took a strake, }
 To see if more I could up-take. }
 And when that Clayton I came by,
 I stepped in the laird to try;

Where he receiv'd me very kind,
And settl'd a' thing to my mind.
He ask'd if I knew such a man,
By which he made me understan',
'Twas dainty, honest, painter Jamie ,
Says I, Sir, what 's the matter wi' ye ?
The matter 's plain as plain can be,
The fient a stime o' him can see.
He undertook to do a job,
Though he can scarcely walk the road.
He just now came stammering in,
Not only fou, but also blin' ;
He stagger'd sae, was like to fa',
We 've just now gotten him awa'.
He canna walk the road him lane,
I fear he never will get hame ;
As he the avenue gaed down,
He made a stop to look aroun' :
But off his centre somehow stumbl'd,
And as he fell, he yawn'd and grumbl'd.
I gaed out just to rebuke him,
But scarcely in the face could look him.
And when that he tried to rise up,
His foot again gave sic a slip,
That down he fell and made a noise,
Which frightened all my girls and boys.
So loud and lang the echo sounded,
The very woods and hills rebounded.
He serambl'd up and got awa',
But really coudna him misca.

Says I, dear Sir, ye maun forgi'e 'm,
 He 'll please you well niest time ye see 'm ;
 For he 's an honest, civil fellow,
 Although at times he may get mellow.
 And I maun let you understand
 That he 's an excellent good hand ;
 Though now he canna walk the road,
 There 's few can do a better job.
 The job ye maunna yet put by 'm,
 And beg that ye again would try 'm ;
 For soon as he begins a-thinking,
 He lays aside his weary drinking ;
 He 's fou o' humour and good nature,
 But wadna harm ony creature.
 Well, such a character ye gi'e 'm,
 Then tell him I 'll be glad to see 'm ;
 If sober he in future live,
 Then what is bygone I 'll forgive.
 I thank you Sir, and take it kind,
 Now ye 'll get a' thing to your mind,
 Though he has faults he 's well inclin'd. }

CANTO II.

Good day, says I, and off I went,
 Right cheerfully and well content.
 But as the day was very warm,
 I thought there would be little harm,
 At Dairsie Muir when coming by,
 A drap o' Ritchies ale to try ;

And there was shown into a place,
Where I beheld a well-known face.
And wha was 't, think ye, but the painter,
Wha, soon as e'er he saw me enter,
Ga'e a squeak and then a humph,
And several times he tried to grumph.
Hoot, says I, ye maunna tear me,
Nor wi' your grumphing try to fear me ;
Rather, lad, gi'e owre your drinking,
So Jamie then began a-winking.
For though his faults I tried to screen,
He ken'd na yet what I did mean ,
For he so fond was o' the drappie,
He never felt himsel' more happy.
But when I told him what took place,
He fell a wryng wi' his face ;
And tried to shake me by the hand,
But now, alas ! he coudna stand.
First ae stagger, syne anither,
Till o'er went Jamie a' thegither.
The landlord tried, as well as able,
To save what things were on the table ;
But soon he found it wadna do,
For every thing to pieces flew.
Jamie now began a moaning,
And after that he tried the groaning.
And though for whisky he did cry,
He only got a small supply ;
Yet it did so renew his strength,
That on his legs he got at length.

CANTO III.

O Jamie ! if ye saw yoursel',
 'Twould make your very heart-strings knell ;
 And set you seriously a-thinking,
 And you prevent from ever drinking :
 At least to excess I am sure, }
 And that just from this very hour, }
 'Twould be so excellent a cure. }

CANTO IV

Away now I came stepping hame,
 Bade Jamie stay or come him lane ;
 But I was scarcely well awa'
 Until I heard a loud huzza.
 Thinks I that 's surely no the painter,
 I hardly think that he would venture ;
 For him being sic an unco sight,
 He 'll no come hame till it be night.
 But yet in this I was mistaen,
 For Jamie bent was to be hame ;
 And though again things should miscarry,
 Behind me now he wadna tarry.
 And when I spoke o' being affronted,
 Jamie on his apron thumped ;
 And squirted wi' his thumb and cheek,
 But seldom now he tried to speak.

But when that I his faults him tell'd,
He wadna care whiles to rebell'd ;
Yet though he be of giant stature,
He blest is wi' an easy nature.
That tho' ye ruffle whiles and tease 'm,
Its yet an easy thing to please 'm.
And as I found he wadna turn,
I thought it quite in vain to mourn ;
But what did now concern me most,
Was rain that had new laid the dust ;
And Jamie still continuing stumbling,
By and by might fa' a tumbling.
For tho' he be a bashfu' talker,
He 's equally as bad a walker ;
That if he chance to be in liquor,
Ae fit he canna then keep sicker ;
Which by experience soon I found,
As Jamie roll'd along the ground.
Blood and water on and round him,
More indeed than could hae drown'd him.
Now sic a sight and sic a man,
Right to describe no language can ;
At last I pull'd and tugg'd sae at him,
That on his legs again I got him.
But what to do I didna know,
If I should leave him now or no ;
When I began again to advance,
He came stammering on by chance.
Whiles a stotting, whiles a stumbling,
Whiles a yawning and a grumbling ;

Until at last, again pell mell,
Once more he stoiter'd o'er and fell.
I fairly thought now all was over,
And that he never would recover ;
And since nae better now could be,
To slip awa' and let him die.
But being very vex'd to leave him,
I often tried about to heave him ;
Till at length, in time o' need,
By chance I happen'd to succeed, }
Which put me out of fear and dread. }
He was a ruefu' sight afore,
But now was chief o' a' the core ;
That even satan wadna ken'd him,
But back again expressly sent him.
For 's pedigree—and from what nation,
That he could trace his derivation ;
His very sight and very smell
Wad made auld clootie roar and yell ;
For none in water, earth, or air
Could wi' the painter now compare.

CANTO V.

But Jamie still being far frae hame,
That were he drown'd I 'd get the blame ;
And though I frightened was to see 'm,
I ken'd na right what to do wi' 'm.
For though he scarce possess'd a feature
Of any living human creature ;

Yet he had life and might be smor'd,
Or by some animal devour'd.
And having him so long attended,
To get his life in that way ended,
Put me in a consternation,
Both of trouble and vexation :
And often rued that e'er I saw 'm,
And wish'd I had a horse to draw 'm ;
Where I may hide him out o' sight,
And get him hame syne under night.
A wood I happen'd to espy,
And good luck it was nearly by ;
Thinks I, now I will drive him in,
I care na for his noise and din.
For let him roar as loud 's he can,
Whiles like a beast, whiles like a man ;
In I 'm resolv'd that he shall go,
If it should work my overthrow.
But just as I began to try,
Farmer Tam came riding by ;
And painty being so like a spectre,
Got frae Tam an angry lecture.
He threaten'd often times to lash 'm,
But I advis'd him no to fash 'm ;
As he had suffer'd sae already.
For the future he 'd be steady,
But as I could no langer stay,
I now made haste to get away ;
But no before we got him right
Into the wood, snug out o' sight :

Where he got a refreshing sleep,
And in the evening hame did creep ;
Good luck it was that name did see 'm,
And as for me I here forgi'e 'm.

CANTO VI.

But now what pleasure it does gi'e me,
To tell you a' thing 's right wi' Jamie ;
He 's no wearied o' his life yet,
Perhaps he 'll take another wife yet.

CANTO VII.

Lang may he live and happy be,
And many blythsome day yet see ;
And when that life wears to an end,
May all that 's good him still attend.
Till fairly landed on the shore,
Where trouble can assail no more ;
And then forever live in peace
Among the blest angelic race.

AN ATTEMPT TO DELINEATE A CHARACTER WHO
GOT DRUNK AT CUPAR RACES, 1823.

Now Gib I never thought 'twas right
To fill you fou in broad day-light,
And then expose ye shoulder height.

Ye are a canny kind o' man,
Therefore nae body should you wrang,
'Tis very seldom e'er ye ban.

But when they got ye to the race,
They fill'd ye fou, syne black'd your face,
Just ony way you to disgrace.

'Tis scarcely worth the while to mention
What might ha'e been the lads' intention,
Perhaps because ye get a pension.

They say ye 're ane ungratefu' soul,
Sometimes at Governmeut ye growel,
And fill'd ye fou to hear ye yowel.

You dam'd the Burghers like a villain,
And rued ye e'er ga'e them a shillin',
And car'd na how their Kirk was fillin'.

Though ye was carried shoulder high,
It was nae out o' nae envy,
But just in fun to hear you cry.

When very fou and coudna stand,
Ye got a glass in ilka hand,
And drank as they gave the command.

They are a base unruly set,
For playing you sic a nasty pret,
And then maintaining ye was wet.

They like a drink as well as you,
'Tis no sae aft that ye get fou,
And when ye do 't ye always rue.

Save now and then ye tell a story,
And that 's been lang your boast and glory,
But gi'e it up when growing hoary.

But when at Gib ye still allow,
That ye was often roaring fou,
But that you 've ne'er had cause to rue.

Of money ye had plenty there,
And easy could a little spare,
Ye never car'd for hoarding ware.

What methods they take to disgrace ye,
On cart and barrow whiles they place ye,
And gars the very wee anes chase ye.

Syne some anc takes o' you command,
At ony door he makes ye stand,
And you expose on ilka hand.

Jalap then he gi'es to purge ye,
And liquor plenty dis na grudge ye,
A' intended just to scourge ye.

And syne when ance they get you hame,
Ye do what mak's them a' think shame,
Just into the bed your lane.

They mony method wi' you try,
But yet they canna keep you dry,
Ye mak' the bed just like a sty.

Now, Gib, I hope you 'll tak' advice,
And show yoursel' a little nice,
And follow nae man for a slice.

If e'er again they black your face,
We 'll drive them off in great disgrace,
And gar the very dogs them chase.

Though some o' them ga'e you a dose,
It was na fair you to expose,
What though ye fil'd your under clothes.

What schemes they often wi' you try,
And gi'es ye drink when ye're no dry,
Just to mak' ye roar and cry.

If Davie had but stay'd awa',
It wadna been so bad ava,
For Michael can both lead and ca'.

Jamie too he weel does know ye,
Brawly does he like to show ye,
That the laddies may huzza ye.

Willie he is quiet and sly,
Slip out o' sight till he gae by,
Ne'er let him catch ye wi' his eye,

If e'er again they you so fix,
Ye will deserve to get your licks,
And by the Kirk ta'en through the pricks.

For to religion ye're a scandal,
And gi'es the infidels a handle
When ye get fou, they so you dandle.

And carries you upon their arms
The very way they do the bairns,
Sync lets you fa' among the cairns.

Had you kept sober till 't was dark,
It wadna bred so muckle wark,
Nor yet expos'd you in your sark.

Now Gib I 'll bid you a good-night,
And beg ye 'll now keep a' things right,
When ye get fou keep out o' sight.

LET GLASGOW FLOURISH.

Glasgow how I dearly lov'd you,
 You once was all and all to me ;
And now I hear they 've so improv'd you,
 I 'm anxious you again to see.
Your citizens none can excel
 For penetration—keen and strong ;
They make you on all sides so swell,
 You 'll rival London e'er 't be long.
'Tis wonderful to think indeed
 How that you have increas'd of late ;
If onward still you do proceed,
 Soon nothing could your aim defeat.
O what a pleasure 'tis to hear
 How that your wealth you spend on trade ;
The arts and sciences so do rear,
 The hearts of thousands you make glad.

Examine all the world o'er,
There's none with you that can compare;
Your trade and commercee in do pour
Wherever mankind living are.
You every market do supply
With what commodities they want;
And all your goods are fond to try,
'Tis seldom that you e'er grow scant.
Your goods are known in every land,
Your ships in every sea and port;
The capital that you command
Makes nations all to you resort.
The arts by you've been so improv'd,
They to prefection most are brought;
That foreigners it hath behov'd,
Your friendship to have often sought.
O Glasgow prosper, and go on,
Have bread to thousands still to give;
Until that you're excell'd by none,
In making mankind happy live.
Liberal-minded, and good-hearted,
You've been since first I e'er you knew;
And though from you I ne'er had parted,
It might been as well for me now.
Still I love to hear you're thriving,
And prosperous those who in you dwell;
And all collectively so striving,
Who can each other most exel.
A freeman I am also in you,
And proud I may be of the name;

And if I 've not been still within you,
No doubt I 've partly been to blame.
But still my right 's as good as ever,
Unto you I allegiance owe ;
And you forget I never never,
To whate'er clime or place I go.
For ne'er a place I 've liked better,
Since the world I ever knew ;
And were I free of every fetter,
Old friendship once more would renew.

THE EFFECTS OF TYRANNY AND WAR.

Oh ! if I knew but where to find
A place of rest from care and woe,
Where I could leave all grief behind,
And unmolested to it go :
Where nothing could my heart beguile,
Ambition ne'er torment me more ;
And blest content forever smile,
And make me always to adore.
On earth's terraqueous globe such peace
Will never be enjoy'd by man ;
Until war, horrid war, does cease,
And man no more destroy man.

O how revolting to the thought
 Of one who thinks and views aright ;
What miseries on mankind 's been brought,
 Miseries 'twill not hide from light.
Worse than tigers' dreadful jaws
 Is cruel unfeeling harden'd man ;
When once set free above the laws,
 Blood and rapine is his plan.
Scotia which I love so dear
 Has often felt the tyrant's rod ;
And few her drooping heart to cheer,
 In her they scarce dar'd make abode :
But hunted were from place to place,
 By monsters who were called men ;
Who human nature did disgrace,
 Their wretched ends they might obtain.
O how it makes my blood recoil,
 And my eyes refuse the light ;
To think such horror, pain, and toil,
 They oft endur'd 'twere in the right.
Religion too was oft the cause,
 At least it was made the pretence ;
The way that framed were the laws
 Was a disgrace to common sensé.
'Tis been the same in every land,
 And still continues to this day ;
Tyrants wish to have command,
 And slaves make those even who obey.
Greece could tell a mournful tale,
 Could she her mind to us unfold ;

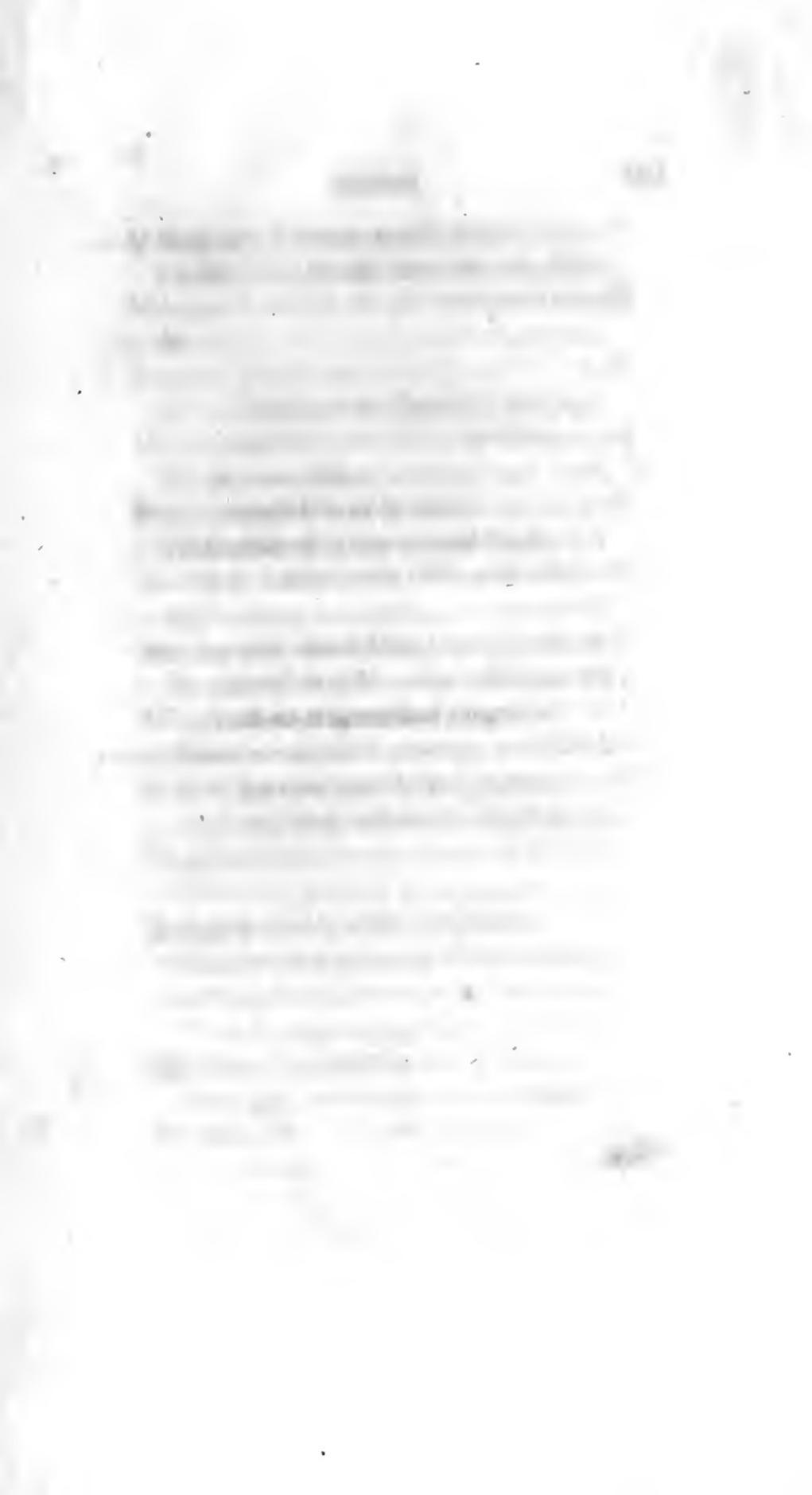
'Twould make the stoutest heart grow pale,
And the warmest blood run cold.
Those Demons who do her oppress,
Are worse than Devils in human shape ;
Sure heaven must feel for her distress,
And her infernal foes defeat.
Some pitying angel sure will go
And lend her true sufficient aid,
And all her cursed foes o'erthrow,
Till cause have none to be afraid.
The inhuman who do rule the place
That once was call'd the promis'd land ;
May they be scourg'd from race to race
By some ferocious hellish band.
Until their sins be brought to view,
And deep remorse their conscience gnaw ;
May horror always them pursue,
And of their en'mies stand in awe,
Ay till they rule by wholesome law.

FINIS.

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Entered in Stationer's Hall.





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